

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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JANUARY 1901

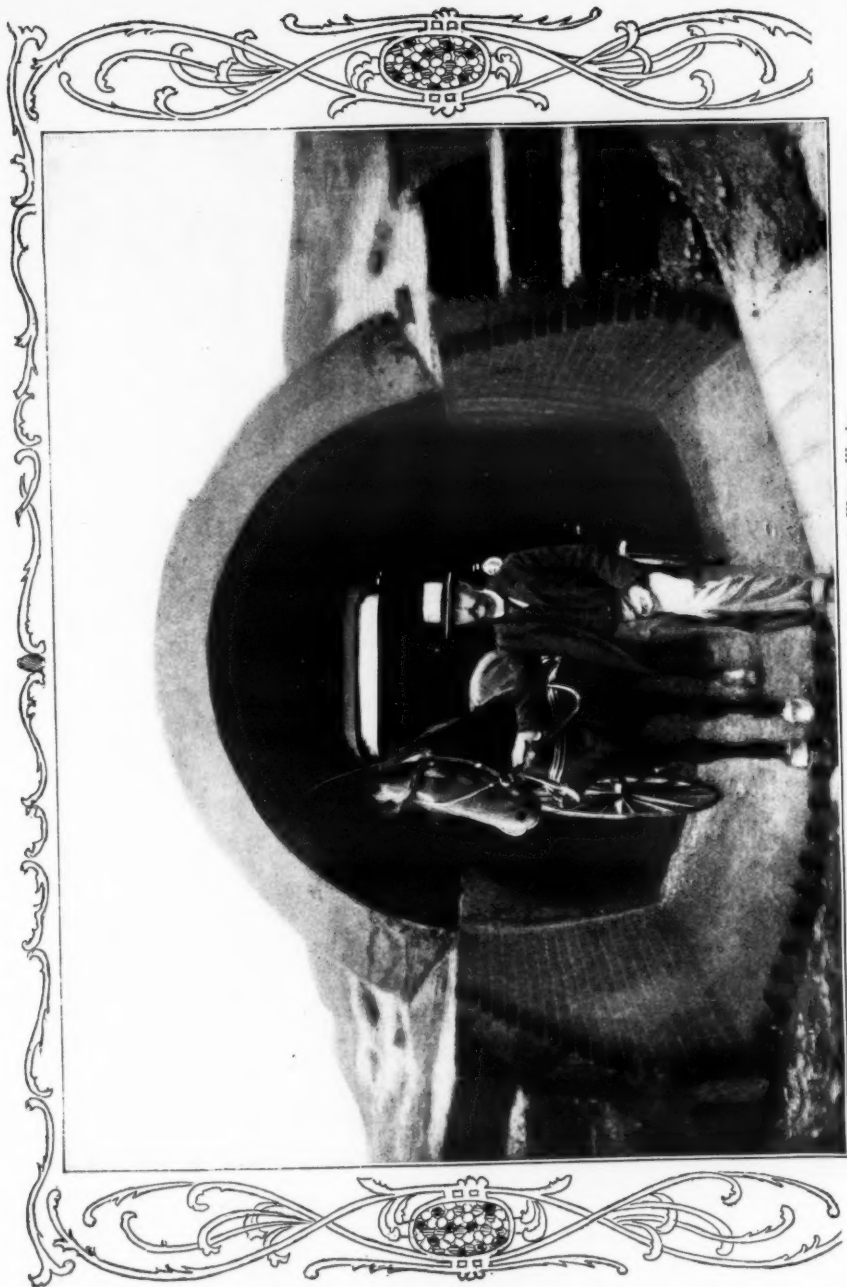
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Section of a Conduit of the Massachusetts Water Works.
—*America's Largest Water Works*.—p. 483.

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VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1901.

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The Thriving Town of Oakdale, the Site of Which Will be Covered to the Depth of Thirty-six Feet by the Water of the Wachusett Reservoir.

AMERICA'S LARGEST WATER WORKS

BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

OPERATIONS are in progress to-day near Boston which will ultimately give to that city the proud distinction of possessing the greatest reservoir of pure drinking water in the world.

Moreover, when present plans have been realized, Boston can safely claim that she has accomplished more, has looked further into the future, and has had a stronger regard for the health and welfare of her citizens than any other city, either in this country or abroad. These are strong words, but they are amply borne out by facts.

Few people, even those in and about Boston, realize the enormous extent of the new water works system inaugurated in 1895, and now well on toward completion. They know that a law was passed five years ago, placing the existing system in the hands of a commission called The Metropolitan Water Board, and that something is being done to bring water from the vicinity of Clinton, Mass., but the true condition of affairs is

practically unknown. It will surprise even those who should be personally interested to learn that within half a decade, the greatest reservoir ever built will be in operation within thirty-two miles of Boston.

It will be even a greater surprise for them to learn that when the system now under construction is finished, not only Boston, but also the cities of Chelsea, Everett, Malden, Medford, Newton and Somerville, and the towns of Belmont, Hyde Park, Melrose, Revere, Watertown and Winthrop, constituting what is known as the Metropolitan Water District, will be kept amply supplied with water, notwithstanding the natural increase in population, until 1950. It is this half-century step into the future that will give Boston the well-earned reputation of providing for her people according to their honest needs and their deserts.

The magnitude of the new water works system is impressive. It will include, as stated before, the largest reservoir for port-



- A. Trench Excavation Running Through a Farm.
- B. Stripping the Germ-bearing Muck in Preparation for the Sudbury Reservoir.
- C. Trench Construction Near Southborough.

able water in the world, a great aqueduct and a system of distribution, constructed on modern principles. To prove the gigantic nature of the reservoir, it is only necessary to state that its capacity will reach the enormous extent of 63,068,000,000 gallons, or almost twice as much as the new Croton Reservoir near New York City. The building of this reservoir means the flooding of a valley thirty-two miles from Boston, the complete or partial submersion of two thriving towns, and the changing of a well-known railway's right of way through the valley. The increased supply of water to be derived by the Metropolitan District will be better understood when it is known that this new Wachusett Reservoir will have more than four times the capacity of all the existing Boston Water Works reservoirs combined.

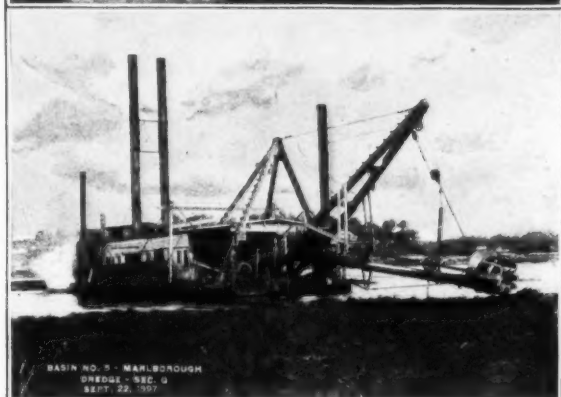
The city of Boston had been for many years prior to the passage of the Metropolitan Water Act, in the year 1895, increasing its sources of water supply, but the increased supply had hardly kept pace with the greater consumption. A comprehensive scheme for the future was demanded. Boston, although the largest, was only one of the several municipalities which were reaching the limit of their sources of water supply. It was evident that if a new supply was to be obtained adequate to the demands of the future, it must provide not only for the city of Boston, but for the

various cities and towns in the vicinity of the metropolis.

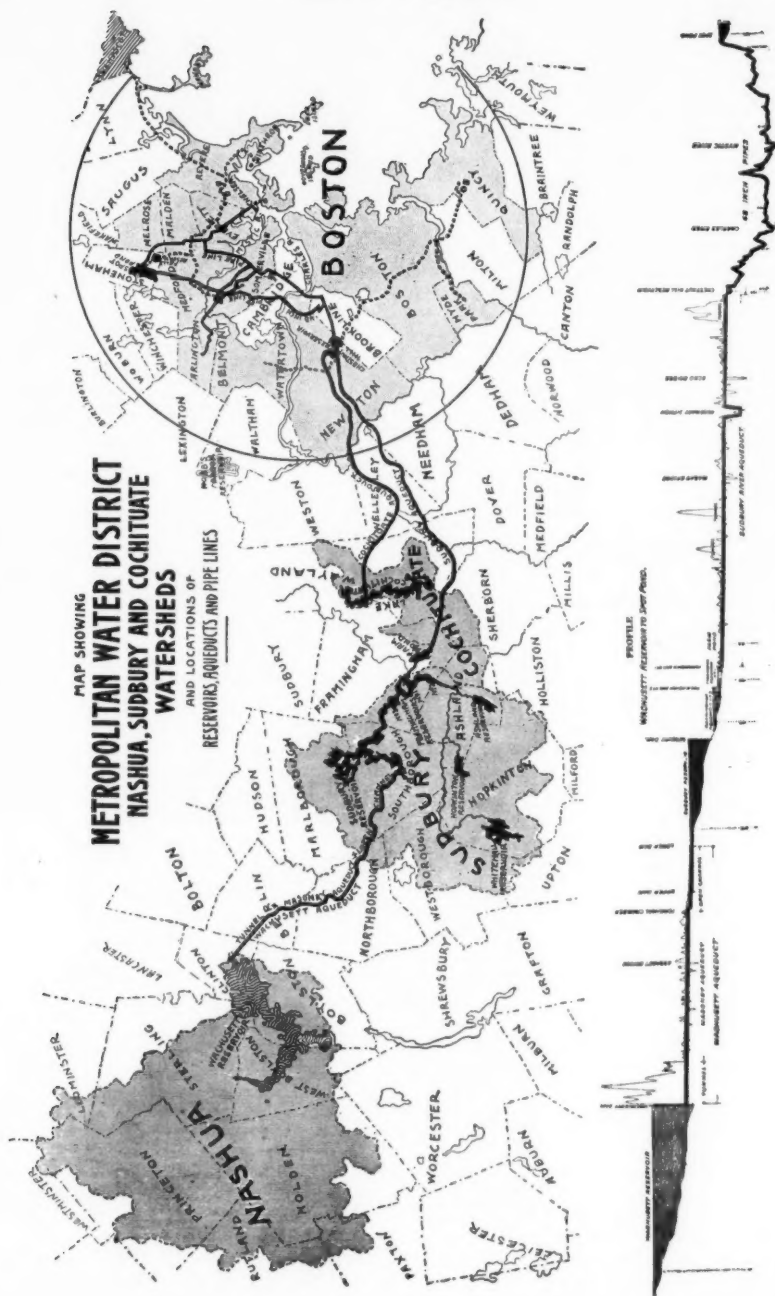
In the year 1892 the Boston Water Board called the attention of the Mayor of the city of Boston to the importance of obtaining legislation looking to a new supply for that city and the cities and towns in its vicinity. A bill was immediately introduced into the Legislature, providing a commission to investigate and report upon the question of a water supply for the city of Boston and its suburbs within a radius of ten miles from the State House. This last stipulation, it may be said, in passing, was an anchor to windward in the strong desire of the citizens of Boston for a future greater city.

A thorough investigation was made of several sources, and finally the board reported in favor of taking the waters of the south branch of the Nashua River, at a point in Clinton, Mass., and the building of a great reservoir for their storage. In June of the same year the Metropolitan Water Act was passed and approved.

The act provided for the appointment by the Governor of three Water Commissioners, the said commissioners to constitute what is now known as the Metropolitan Water Board. This act, which is very comprehensive, directed the new board to take for the Metropolitan Water Works the waters of the south branch of the Nashua River, at a point in the town of Clinton, and about thirty-five miles



Dredging Along the Edge of the Sudbury Reservoir.
Three Views of the Powerful Machines Used in Dredging and Carrying Mud from the Basin to the Dyke.



westward from Boston; to construct for the storage of the waters a dam and reservoir; to build an aqueduct from the dam at Clinton, about twelve miles long, to the Sudbury Reservoir, situated in the town of Sudbury and the city of Marlborough, which had already been begun by the city of Boston; to complete this reservoir and connect it with the Sudbury Aqueduct, of the city of Boston; to take from the city of Boston the Cochituate, Sudbury and Mystic systems, which were its sources of water supply, and the Chestnut Hill Reservoir; also to take Spot Pond, which was used for the water supply of the cities of Malden and Medford, and the town of Melrose, and to lay main pipes to the various portions of the district, so as to supply at some proper point each of the several cities and towns embraced in it.

The Metropolitan Water Board was given broad powers, not only for the construction of the works, but also for the taking of property, for the changing of highways and railroads, and for the conduct of such operations as should be deemed necessary for protecting and preserving the purity of the water. No estimate of the total expenditure involved in the scheme adopted was made, but it was provided that the commonwealth should issue bonds to an amount not exceeding twenty-seven millions of dollars, the proceeds of which should be applied to meet the expenditures occasioned by the various operations of the board.

A brief study of this great enterprise instituted by Boston, is refreshing in these days of municipal corruption. With New York stirred and agitated by an alleged attempt to foster upon her what has been openly characterized as the greatest steal of the century, and other towns both here and abroad finding trouble with municipal questions, it is certainly to Boston's credit that she has been able to inaugurate and partially to complete such a gigantic enterprise as the new Boston water works system, without one breath of scandal.

It is interesting to epitomize the inception and progress of the work. When in the fullness of time, it became apparent that the city's water supply was running short, there was no great to-do, no scarehead articles in the press, no fuss and feathers, but simply action on the part of those immediately responsible, and the taking of steps leading to a better supply.

The question, Where shall we get more water? was answered in a practical way—

simply by looking through the state. After a thorough investigation and search it was found that the so-called Clinton water-shed afforded greater advantages and purer water, and it was selected.

A reservoir was necessary, and a reservoir was therefore planned. There was no bombastic civic glorification, calling for the greatest reservoir in the world, but people with pencils and brains commenced to figure, and found that it would be to the benefit of Boston and adjacent cities if a reservoir providing for half a century's growth could be constructed.

In the life of a city like Boston whose foundation rests upon the bed-rock of American history, a half century of time is a brief span, but in the providing of such a vital necessity as public water, looking forward even fifty years is an achievement not to be over-estimated. Nor is it a simple matter.

In the selection of the site for Boston's future reservoir it was necessary to consider capacity and sparsity of population in the water-shed. The capacity required it was found after due calculation must equal the needs of a population estimated on January 1, 1900, at 1,100,000 and the natural increase until 1950.

In 1893 Boston was receiving some 57,000,000 gallons of water daily, which amount, it was estimated, would have to be increased to 84,000,000 gallons daily by 1895. It was calculated, based on natural increase in population, that the figures would reach 252,000,000 gallons daily by the year 1930. This not only provided for the increase in population, but also the increased demand on the part of each individual. It is true, if rather strange, that the progress of civilization means an increase in use of water. The statistician of the Metropolitan Water Board finds that each individual in the Metropolitan water district will use ten more gallons daily in 1930 than he does in 1900. The reason is not explained.

The needed capacity ascertained, it was comparatively easy to arrange the details of the new reservoir on the site selected above Clinton. The investigating commissioners found that by building a permanent dam across the Nashua River just above the town of Clinton, and by constructing dykes to the north and south of the main dam, a basin of 4,195 acres, or over six square miles, could be obtained. This, with an average depth of forty-six feet, would hold 63,068,000,000 gallons of water.

It does not require much perception to

realize that such a reservoir exceeds in vastness and engineering greatness anything before attempted. It exceeds in capacity the Nira basin, near Poona, Hindostan, by more than a third. The mammoth reservoir Tansa, in Bombay, and the Khadakvasla, at Poona, are left still further behind. The next largest reservoirs yet completed, the San Mateo, California, and the Croton, New York, could both be almost contained in the Wachusett.

The site selected is in one of the prettiest counties of Central Massachusetts. It is about thirty-five miles northwest of Boston, and about seven miles northeast of Worcester. The contour of the valley, broad here and there, and narrowing to almost a gulch near Clinton, seems fitted by nature for just such usage. The scenery is diversified, consisting of hills, vales and woods. Nearby toward the north stands Mount Wachusett like a guardian sentinel. The climate is that of New England, somewhat drear in winter, but hospitable, kindly and open. On account of the rocky nature of the soil very little opportunity is afforded for agricultural pursuits, and the population is therefore small, being only sixty-nine to the square mile. This point, it will be easily understood, had considerable bearing on the selection of the site.

To secure a supply of pure water for a multitude of people it was necessary to collect that water from a shed unpolluted by the living or by the dead. A population of sixty-nine to the square mile was not dense enough to afford even a suspicion of danger.

A proof of the broad spirit shown by the commissioners and their grasp of engineering feats is given in their treatment of the mechanical problems presented in planning the reservoir. The flooding of a valley even sparsely settled meant the annihilation of homes, the wiping out of small towns, the destruction of farms and the changing of the course of public roads and railways. These problems were looked upon as mere details by this daring board.

When it was estimated that a total of 5,163 acres were to be taken from the different towns in the valley, to wit: Clinton, 1,125 acres; Boylston, 2,761 acres; West Boylston, 870 acres, and Sterling, 407 acres, and that the lands required for the reservoir contained six large mills, eight schoolhouses, four churches, 360 dwelling houses, a large Catholic cemetery, and a railroad, all of which it was necessary to remove, the board simply made plans for the work as a farmer would make plans for ridding a newly ac-

quired strip of land of obstructing stumps and rocks.

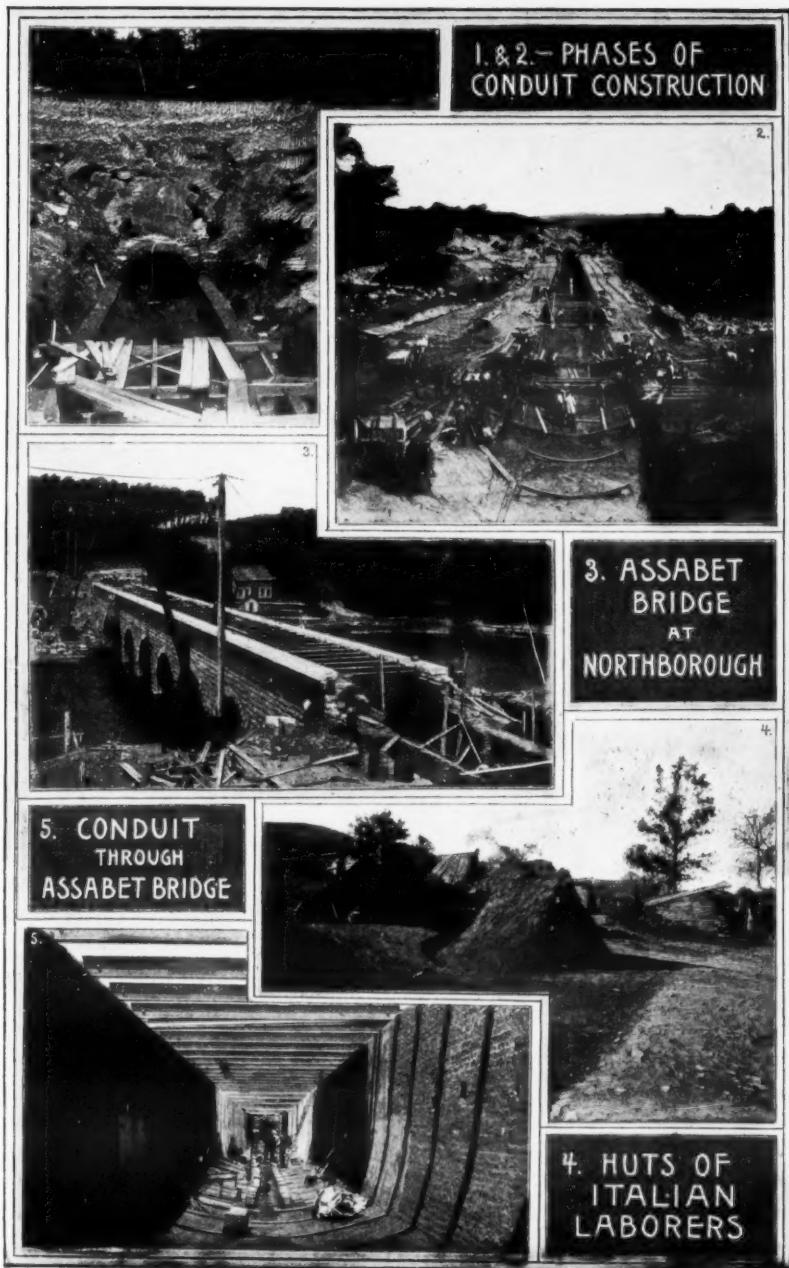
The magnitude of the work can be appreciated when it is understood that the plans of the board call for the stripping of the entire area to be occupied by the reservoir to an average depth of about one foot. This means the removal of one foot of soil from an area containing 4,195 acres of land, not a small task in itself. The cost of this item alone will exceed \$3,000,000.

This stripping of the soil is a proof of the thoroughness of the board's work. The three members, Henry H. Sprague, Wilmot R. Evans and Henry P. Walcott, showed no hesitation in deciding to incur the expense when it became a question of absolutely pure water or of water partially contaminated. In the brush, peat, mud and minor organic matter, which accumulate at the bottom and along the sides of reservoirs there is danger of germ and microbe infection—a bare danger, but enough to warrant the cheerful paying out of millions to avoid possible pollution.

Three principal features in connection with the construction of the reservoir are the removal of six and a half miles of the Central Massachusetts Railroad and its relocation upon the side of the reservoir, the destruction or removal, partial or complete, of the towns already mentioned, and the building of the great dam at Clinton. Of these three possibly the question of changing the railway bed is the least important, although it is an event worthy of note.

The main dam, which is the key to the whole stupendous scheme, is located across a narrow gorge about three thousand feet above the dam of the Lancaster Mills at Clifton. The general form of the cross section is the same as that adopted for the new Croton dam in New York. It is similar in many respects to the Furens dam upon the Furens River, in France, built in 1866, and to the Tansa dam of the Bombay Water Works, constructed in 1891. The dam will rise ten feet above the level of the full reservoir. At the water level it has a thickness of nineteen feet, and 145 feet below the water line the thickness increases to 119½ feet.

It is composed entirely of masonry. Its total length is 1,250 feet; but only 750 feet have a depth from high water to the rock exceeding forty feet, and but one-fifth exceeds 120 feet in depth. The maximum depth from highwater to the rock at the down stream edge of the dam is 158 feet.



Advantage has been taken of the favorable topography at the northerly end of the dam to provide a very long overflow, and a waste channel for wasting the water during floods without permitting it to flow over or near the high part of the dam. The overfall has the length of 450 feet, and will discharge a quantity of water equal to eight inches in depth over the whole water-shed in twenty-four hours. The greater part of the overfall is to have a masonry crest at the level of the full reservoir; but for a length of 120 feet it is proposed to keep the masonry crest three feet longer, and to retain the water at the full height by means of stop planks or movable gates.

The work presenting the greatest picturesque feature in the construction of the Wachusett Reservoir is the demolition of West Boylston and Oakdale. Both these places were thriving towns with important woolen mill interests. They had existed for a number of years, and were growing slowly but with the steadiness of New England towns. They were model communities in their way, their citizens God-fearing and upright.

When the news came to the good people of Oakdale and West Boylston that the "City," as they call Boston, was about to reach out like an octopus of the deep, and devour their little communities, they were loth to believe it. And when it was understood that their homes, their hearth-stones and the graves of their fathers were to be covered forever by the waters of a great reservoir, they rebelled.

The fact that the state fully intended to make adequate financial restitution offered no balm. No amount of money could offset the heart-break at leaving the spot where a family had been rooted for a century. It was some time before the people of West Boylston and of Oakdale became reconciled to their impending eviction, as it might be called. It must be said that the state was perfectly fair in awarding damages. Average prices were allowed for every piece of property taken, but wherever a tendency was shown by a land proprietor to "gouge" the board, he was fought relentlessly. In one case where a certain Italian demanded an exorbitant amount for a wooden shanty the board needing only half the space occupied by the structure, calmly cut it in two, and paid the man only one-half of the assessed valuation.

In awarding damages caused by the build-

ing of the great reservoir, the state of Massachusetts has established an important precedent. When a town like West Boylston is practically wiped out it is understood that the owners of property must be compensated for the losses sustained by them, and also it is necessary to pay for damages sustained by storekeepers and manufacturers. All this the state did, and then went a step further. It passed a law awarding damages to ordinary workmen, mill hands and the like, who suffered loss through the stoppage of their work.

Next in importance to the building of the great reservoir must be placed the construction of the Wachusett Aqueduct. This work, begun early in 1896 and completed in 1898, embraces (1) a tunnel two miles long through rocks so compact as not to require a lining for half its length; (2) a masonry aqueduct, seven miles long, with a bridge of seven spans and 360 feet in length across the Assabet River, and (3) an open channel three miles long, following the course of a brook into Sudbury Reservoir.

The masonry aqueduct, which is eleven feet four inches wide, and ten feet five inches high, has a maximum capacity of 300,000,000 gallons daily. It terminates at a point on the Sudbury watershed in the town of Northboro. Its waters then run for three miles through an open channel, which is twenty feet wide at the bottom, to Sudbury Reservoir, from which a second aqueduct issues, branching at Weston into two great pipe lines, one taking a northeasterly course to Arlington, the other running southeast to Chestnut Hill Reservoir.

The cost of the tunnel was \$342,005.80; of the masonry conduit, including terminal chambers, \$868,107.81; of the Assabet bridge, \$66,239.46; of the open channel, \$170,050.32. Including preliminary and engineering work and other items, the total cost of the aqueduct was \$1,763,505.16.

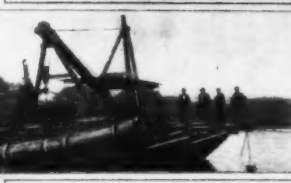
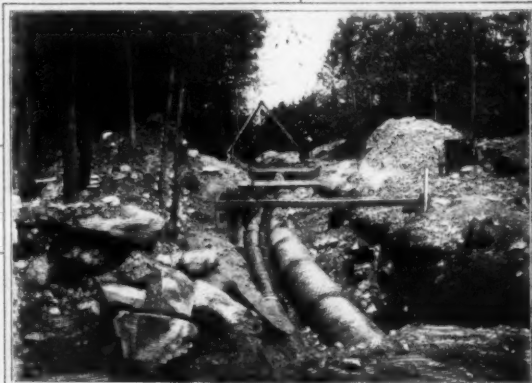
In this article, which must of necessity be brief, only a few of the many features concerning the new Boston Water Works have been described. It has been the aim of the writer to give prominence to two facts, one being the planning by the Metropolitan Water Board of the greatest reservoir in the world, and that without any unseemly tooting of horns, and the other, the public spirit shown by the good people of Boston and adjacent cities and towns in thus providing on such a liberal scale pure drinking water for themselves and their posterity.

1. CIRCULAR DAM
OF
SUDBURY RESERVOIR.
2. OPEN CHANNEL
LEADING TO
SUDBURY RESERVOIR

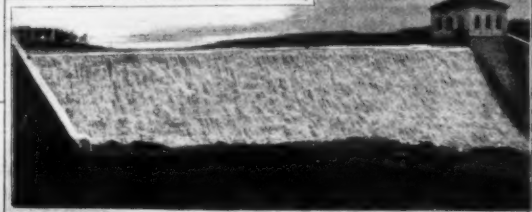


3. ON TO
BOSTON -
THE
PIPE LINE

4. SINKING A
36 INCH PIPE -
DISTRIBUTION
DEPARTMENT.



5. OVERFLOW OF DAM
OF
SUDBURY RESERVOIR
AT
SOUTHBOROUGH



THE MARQUIS' COACH

By RAFAEL SABATINI

PARIS had suddenly become unhealthy for the Chevalier Gaston de Brissac. Why this was so, it is not my present duty to chronicle. In passing, I may mention that André de St. Auger was abed with a nasty sword wound in that part of the body known to physicians as the right breast, but which Brissac would more significantly speak of as "*low tierce*."

Chance took him to Autune, in Provence. Chance led him to visit Antoine Moret.

With the fortune which his father—an armorer of some repute—was said to have amassed during the siege of La Rochelle, Antoine Moret had withdrawn from Paris, and come to Autune, to build himself a square white house beyond the village, and dream himself a *seigneur*.

It was no more than natural that M. de Brissac, who had been one of old Moret's best customers in days gone by—before the Cardinal made war upon duellists—should, when he heard of Antoine's so-called Château be curious to ascertain how the armorer's son bore the airs of a country gentleman.

Three months before Moret had married the daintiest maid Autune could boast of, and for a brief while life for him had lain along a rose-strewn path. Often as he looked into his wife's gentle eyes, and stroked the fair head that nestled to his breast, he had sighed the sigh of a heart that holds more joy than it can carry. Often he had murmured fears—idly and without attaching faith to them—that their happiness might be too great to endure.

And now the blow had fallen. Fallen with brutal suddenness. Come upon him like a thunderbolt from out of a serene sky. His wife was gone—stolen by the Marquis de Taillandier.

Thus was he found by M. de Brissac, and into the courtier's ear he poured the bitter story of his shame. He looked for sympathy. He found contempt.

"*Ventregris*, Master Moret," quoth Gaston, flashing a scornful eye upon the simpering fool, "can you do no more than sit and mope and groan like a newly-birched schoolboy when your wife has been stolen from you? *Pardieu*, meseems that one who

can do so little to keep a wife has but scant right to wed one."

A dull flush showed through the tan on Moret's cheeks, and for a moment he forgot grief in resentment.

"I might have known it!" he exclaimed. "Fool that I was to tell you of it! You are all alike, you fine gentlemen——"

"And a *bourgeois* is always a *bourgeois*," Gaston broke in sharply. "Ever a clown with the body of an elephant and the heart of a rabbit. Pah! you make me sick!"

And before the fellow could stay him, Gaston took his plumed hat from the table and setting it jauntily upon his curls, strode gayly away.

But as he went forth it occurred to Brissac that he had been cruel—that he might have spoken softer words to the honest fool, and even proffered him assistance. Then realizing the drift his thoughts were taking, he laughed aloud. It was something new for Brissac, the scoffer, to find himself wasting pity upon a man whose wife had been stolen.

Still, in the present instance, he felt a pity for Moret, despite himself. The fellow was so helpless, and Taillandier so powerful, that his sense of chivalry which—whatever may have been his sins—ever drove him to espouse the weaker cause, was strongly appealed to.

And presently, as chance would have it, the veriest accident came to decide the matter and to enlist the Chevalier in the service of Moret.

As he strode into the inn of the "*Clef d'Or*," where he had taken up his lodging, he was much surprised to find the common room occupied by a slender, over-dressed young man, all lace and fripperies, who carried with him an atmosphere of musk, and whose pose and gestures—as he conversed with the obsequious host—would have been in better tune with the ante-chamber of the Luxembourg or a lady's boudoir, than the dingy common room of a country inn.

With increasing wonder, Gaston recognized in this pretty fellow the Vicomte de Vilmorin, a former acquaintance, and—he suddenly remembered—Taillandier's cousin. This Vilmorin was a proverbial coward who

had fled from Paris a year before, and repaired to his estate in Provence, to hide the wheals of a horsewhipping which he had received—it was rumored—at the hands of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Grandcourt.

He raised his head languidly as Gaston entered, and their eyes met. He started slightly at the unexpected *rencontre*, and bit his lip in annoyance.

"Well met, Vicomte," cried Brissac. "You are the very man to give me certain information which I stand in need of."

Vilmorin eloquently professed his delight at an opportunity of serving M. de Brissac, and permitted himself to accept the chair which Gaston offered him.

"I was about to visit your worthy cousin, the Marquis de Taillandier," began Gaston, seating himself opposite to the Vicomte, and leaning his elbow upon the table. "I trust that he is well."

"Hélas, monsieur, I grieve to say that he is not," Vilmorin replied. "He was thrown from his horse three nights ago and had the misfortune to break his arm."

"Three nights ago," mused Brissac. "Ah! that would be upon the occasion of the abduction of Madame Moret, would it not?"

The Vicomte started, and changed color. "You have heard of the affair!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Brissac answered, easily; "I heard of it from the forlorn husband himself, and it is upon this very business that I desire to speak with you."

"You had much better see my cousin," cried Vilmorin in sudden alarm. There was

a look in the duellist's eyes which he did not relish, and he made shift to rise, but Gaston stayed him by grasping his arm.

Vilmorin shuddered.

"I assure you, monsieur," he exclaimed in a voice that trembled slightly, "that I have no desire to rise. I am so delighted to have met you that——"

"You overwhelm me, Vicomte," Gaston broke in ironically. "But we are straying from the subject. I am interested in Madame

Moret, and I was about to visit your cousin, the Marquis, to discuss the matter of the abduction. In the event of not finding him disposed to give me the satisfaction which I desire, it was my purpose to request him to take a turn upon the lawn with me. Since you tell me, however, that he has broken his arm, I am inclined to think that my visit would be both inopportune and useless. Therefore, my dear Vicomte"—and he smiled sweetly at the pale face of the craven before



"'Fool that I was to tell you of it!'"

him—"I will talk the matter over with you, *instead*."

"But I assure you that I know nothing of it," Vilmorin stammered. "I am in total ignorance of my cousin's affairs."

"That, monsieur, is a circumstance which for your sake I deeply regret." And he raised, as if by accident, the hand which held his glove. "Monsieur de Taillandier has interfered with me," he added, grimly, "and as you well know, I do not suffer interference. Luckily for himself, he has broken his arm and cannot fight. But unluckily for you," he continued, with a sigh and a regretful shake of the head, "you have not broken

yours. Monsieur le Vicomte, I see nothing else for it but to request you to take your cousin's place."

"But—but—" stuttered the Vicomte, mopping the beads of perspiration from his brow, "this is an injustice. It is preposterous, monsieur! My cousin's escapades are no affairs of mine!"

"Perhaps not. But he has broken his arm, and I cannot wait until it is mended. Believe me, Vicomte, it will grieve me beyond measure to visit your cousin's sins upon you, but you leave me no alternative. See! Those gentlemen are watching us. I shall be obliged to remove that fleck of dust from your face, unless—unless——"

"Unless? Unless what, monsieur?" cried the other, excitedly.

"Unless you tell me what your cousin has done with Madame Moret, and where she is to be found."

The sunlight, coming through the window, fell athwart the room and was reflected upon the duellist's sword hilt with a brightness which dazzled Vilmorin's eyes, and drove terror into his heart. No more was needed. In a quavering voice he told his formidable antagonist that Françoise Moret was a prisoner in a house situated on the Tarbes road, at about two miles from the village, and within a hundred paces of the forest of Autune. Not only this, but he so minutely described the house and the position of the room wherein she was confined, that Brissac could have no difficulty in hitting upon it.

Having obtained his solemn promise that he would make no mention of what had passed between them, and promising in return to kill him if he failed to keep his word, Gaston left the Vicomte to his own devices, and went in search of Moret.

The news he bore awakened the fellow's energies with a vengeance. He was for starting out, there and then, and go boldly to demand his wife. But Gaston—who had ascertained among other things that the house on the Tarbes road, which belonged to Taillandier, was guarded by six of the Marquis' *bravos*, prevailed upon him to wait until night had fallen, and unfolded a scheme which should succeed.

As ten was striking, they rode through the village, and taking the Tarbes road, they cantered briskly along in silence. They were both well armed, and the angry craving for vengeance in the one, coupled with the wild, adventurous spirit of the other, were like to bring about strange doings before morning.

The night was clear, and—to Brissac's mind an unfortunate circumstance—the moon had risen. It was this that made him suddenly lead the way from the white, shining road into the shelter of the forest of Autune which they had been skirting. They drew rein at last where the trees came to an end, on the edge of a cornfield, and Gaston slipped down from his horse.

"That is the house," he said, pointing to a dark building at an easy stone's throw from where they stood. Moret assented with a grunt, and would have dismounted had not the Chevalier remonstrated. An altercation arose between them, for Brissac was as determined upon going alone as the armorer's son was upon accompanying him.

"Plague take your stupidity," cried Gaston, impatiently; "two will blunder matters. Leave it to me to get your wife out of the house."

Antoine cursed and entreated in a breath, but to no purpose, and presently he was forced to bend his will and consent to remain.

Having divested himself of his cloak, so as to leave his arms free in case of need, Gaston stepped out alone into the road.

The armorer's son watched the slim, lithe figure, sharply outlined in the moonlight, as it moved away in the direction of the house; then, with a heart beating anxiously and a spirit chafing at the inaction imposed upon him, he settled down to wait events.

Upon reaching the house, and after looking cautiously about him, Gaston vaulted over the low wall which ran beside it, and made his way hurriedly to the field at the back. From the description which the Vicomte had given him, he had no difficulty in determining the window of the room she occupied. Picking up some loose clay, he began to pelt it, first with small pieces, then with larger ones, and at last—impatient at receiving no answer—he let fly a handful, which rattled so loudly that he feared it must wake the household. But still there was no sign from the window, and Gaston cursed Madame Moret most thoroughly for a heavy sleeper.

Fully alive to the danger he ran were he detected, not only that of having to take his stand in an unequal combat, but—that to his mind was still worse—of seeing his plans frustrated, and Moret's wife more a prisoner than ever, Gaston could stand the delay no longer.

There was a pear tree in a corner by the wall, and close to this ran a shed from the roof of which a man of his stature might,



"'Unless you tell me what your cousin has done with Madame Moret.'"

by standing on tip-toe, contrive to reach the window. He would try. Wrapping the rope ladder, which he had brought with him, round his waist, he drew off his boots, and set himself to swarm the pear tree—wondering how many years had elapsed since this form of exercise had afforded him amusement.

From the tree it was an easy matter to drop on to the roof of the shed, and then make his way along, with his hands against the wall, until he reached the end of it. The window was not immediately above him, but slightly to the right, and although he stretched out until he stood in imminent danger of overbalancing himself, he could do no more than grasp the stone sill. The panes were beyond his reach.

He swore softly to himself for a moment or two, then—determined that after coming thus far he would not go back empty-handed—he took a firm grasp of the sill, and being strong in the arms, he drew himself up until his chin was on a level with it and his eyes were staring at the black glass. He wriggled his left forearm on to the stone so as to obtain a firmer support; then, as he looked down, he realized that it would be a miracle if he ever contrived to leap back on to the roof of the shed. The ground was fifteen feet beneath him, and looked a good twenty.

To think of the drop was unpleasant; so raising his right hand, he began to scratch at the window, and presently to knock softly.

At last there was a movement within, and presently he distinguished something white; then a woman's face was pressed against the glass.

It occurred to him that a woman who was particularly anxious to return to her husband might easily let herself down by means of a twisted sheet, but he had no time wherein to follow such speculations just then. The strain was beginning to tell upon his left arm, and the perspiration was standing out on his forehead. He knew that he could not endure the position much longer. With his right hand, he signed frantically to her to open, and when at last she had done so, he waited not to answer her question as to what he sought, nor did he even look to see if she were pretty, but raising himself on his arms until his waist was against the sash, he flung himself forward and took a header into the room, alighting upon his hands.

In an instant he was standing upright before her, and gazing into the face, which even in that dim light he saw was a pale and handsome one, from which a pair of startled eyes returned his searching glance.

"Who are you?" she exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"Hush," he answered, mysteriously.

"You may be overheard."

"It does not signify."

"To you perhaps not. But to me, who have come here to rescue you, and who may get a knife in my back at any moment, as my reward, it signifies much. Come," he added, peremptorily, beginning to unwind the rope ladder from his waist, "your husband is waiting for you, a hundred paces from here, and I have no desire to prolong my visit unnecessarily."

"My husband!" she echoed, mechanically.

Brissac paused to stare at her, and in his mind he approved of Taillandier's taste. She was unquestionably beautiful.

"Yes, woman. Your husband," he answered, testily. "Or do you imagine that I am come on my own account, to steal you from the Marquis, as the Marquis stole you from that fool Moret?"

He stooped to fasten the ends of the ladder to the frame of the window.

"You are mistaken," she said. "The Marquis did not steal me from that fool Moret."

"*Ohé!*" he ejaculated, with a whistle.

"So, my pretty one, you came of your own free will, eh? *Ma foi*, I half guessed as much when I saw the window." Then dropping the rope, he turned to stare at her again, a doubt in his mind. "But what am I to do now?" he inquired in a puzzled way. "Shall I leave you here, or will you come with me?"

Her bosom was heaving beneath the thin white garment she wore, and her breathing was that of an excited person.

"I will come with you," she answered. "Wait."

She left his side, requesting him to remain at the window, and keep a sharp look-out, concealing himself if he saw any one approach.

He obeyed her. And through what seemed to him an hour—although in reality it was but some ten minutes—he remained where he was, his eyes and ears on the alert for the slightest movement below. At last he heard her treading softly behind him, and he felt a tap on the arm.

"I am ready," she said. She wore a long cloak, and the hood which was drawn over her head, masked her face in its shadow. He felt tempted to make some caustic remark concerning the alacrity with which she had prepared. But feeling that enough time

had already been wasted, he flung out his ladder and assisted her to descend.

He paused for a moment, when they had reached the ground, to draw his boots on again. Then they set off round the house with stealthy speed, Gaston keeping a sharp look-out, his hand on his sword hilt. But nothing stirred, and he was able to congratulate himself upon the success of his undertaking.

As they drew near the wood, a horseman rode out leading another horse by the bridle. It was Moret, who came to meet them.

Shutting his ears to the rapturous words that fell from Antoine's lips, Brissac assisted his companion to mount in front of her husband, then leaping into his own saddle he turned his horse's head toward Autune.

"*Allons, Moret,*" he cried. But a great oath was his answer.

"What baggage have we here?" thundered the armorer's son. "This is not my wife!"

Brissac turned in his saddle.

"Not your wife!" he echoed, with bated breath. "Not your wife! Then who, in Heaven's name, is it?"

There was a pause while Moret tore back the hood, the better to behold her face. When he spoke again it was in a voice from which all the former anger had gone—a voice that shook with fear.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, "is it possible!"

Gaston wheeled his horse round.

"Who is it?" he inquired, impatiently, for he saw that whoever it might be, Moret had recognized her.

"'Tis Madame la Marquise de Taillandier!" was the astounding answer.

For a moment there was silence, and Brissac's eyes rolled curiously. Then his long peal of boisterous laughter broke upon the stillness of the night.

"A wife for a wife," he roared. "*Par-dieu!* 'tis a fair exchange. But his companions did not join him in his mirth.

Madame de Taillandier stared from one man to the other, and her indignation was aroused by Gaston's indecorous laughter. She was not accustomed to ridicule, and was on the point of telling him so when Brissac suddenly became serious of his own accord.

"Perhaps madame will be good enough to tell us what we are to do," he said. "If you desire to return, I do not doubt but that the ladder still hangs from the window. Perhaps it would be best to waste no time in availing ourselves of it before it is discovered and removed."

"No, monsieur," she answered, quickly, "I shall not return. I gathered the nature of your mistake from what you told me. I gathered also that my husband had abducted Madame Moret—and I make no doubt that it was in that pretty adventure he was rightly served with a broken arm. I came with you to learn more of this affair. If you are willing, gentlemen, we will proceed to Autune."

"But my wife!" cried Moret. "She is in yonder house. I shall not return without her."

"Your wife is not there, Master Moret," she said, "I can answer for that. And I think that I can also promise that your wife will be restored to her home to-morrow. So let us push on. I wish to hear this story from you, and also to give the Marquis a bad quarter of an hour when he hears of my room having been found empty and a rope ladder hanging from the window. He will perhaps know what it feels like to have one's wife stolen."

As they rode, much was explained by what the Marquise told them. A slight outbreak of smallpox had been discovered at the Château that evening, and although the Marquis had made light of it, and sworn that he would not move, Madame de Taillandier was of a different mind. She had a well-bred horror of such things, which determined her to leave the Château and repair to Taillandier's house on the other side of Autune.

"I make no doubt," she said, "that what that booby Vilmorin told you was true. Only, in his confusion, it appears to me that when he mentioned the second window from the left, he meant from the left of any one looking from the house, whereas, you took the second window from the left, when facing the house. The other window, as you would have seen had you but looked, is protected by iron bars. It is evident that upon learning my intentions," she concluded, turning to Moret, "he sent some one to take away your wife before I should arrive, and she is probably in the Château at present."

"Then *Ventregris*, I'll pay the Château a visit to-night!" ejaculated Moret. It had taken much to rouse him, but now that he was aroused he was bent on seeing the matter to an issue, blind to dangers which had formerly deterred him.

"It will be wiser to leave matters until morning and trust to me," the Marquise suggested.

They were within half a mile of Autune,

and the Auberge de Navarre was just in front of them.

In consequence of the detour which they



"—he assisted her to descend."

had made through the woods, the two men had not passed this inn on their way from Autune.

It was a small, wayside auberge, usually deserted at this time of night. As they rode up, however, they were surprised to see the light falling across the road from the open door, while from the yard came sounds of voices and of hammering.

Brissac and his companions moved to the other side of the road, and would have passed on in silence, but chancing to glance into the yard, Gaston saw something which made him draw rein.

In the middle of the quadrangle stood a coach, which evidently had sustained some damage, for three or four men were grouped round one of the wheels to which another was applying a hammer. But it was the man in the red velvet coat and plumed hat who stood holding a torch aloft, that attracted Brissac's attention and made him pause. There was something familiar about the pose of the figure.

Then, suddenly, Gaston started. The sound of the Vicomte de Vilmorin's shrill voice floated across to him.

"That will suffice, André. We shall be able to reach the Château."

In a moment the Chevalier had dismounted and was striding across the road. The Vicomte's words had given him some precious information.

The four men were still bending over the wheel, talking among themselves. And so intent were they as to be unconscious of Brissac's approach until his hand rested on Vilmorin's shoulder.

"Ha, Vicomte, an accident?"

Vilmorin bounded backwards as if he had been struck, and stood gaping and trembling, the very picture of abject terror. The men stared stupidly at the newcomer, but did not move.

"Our meetings are always opportune, Vicomte," murmured Gaston, with that sweet smile which Vilmorin most hated. "I am on my way back to Autune, weary after a somewhat long walk, and I find you with a coach. I trust that it will not inconvenience you to take me as far as the 'Clef d'Or' on your way through the village."

"I—I should be charmed," mumbled the Vicomte, "but—but, unfortunately, I am traveling in the opposite direction."

The men looked at the Vicomte in some surprise.

"'Tis a long way round to the Château by any other road save that which takes you through the village. You had better follow it—moreover, you would be obliging a friend."

"But the coach is full," shrieked Vilmorin, mad with rage and terror.

"Then, of course, I must crave the permission of your companions to travel on the box," was the ready answer, and stepping up to the vehicle, Gaston laid his hand upon the door. But Vilmorin was there before him, and caught him by the arm.

"You shall not! you shall not! Help, you knaves!" he cried, turning to the men.

They did not budge. When the coach came into the yard with a wobbling wheel, Vilmorin had alighted and closed the door, which had not since been opened. To them it seemed just now that the coach might contain something which should not be there. The coachman alone made shift to obey the Vicomte's summons, but at that moment he was seized from behind by Moret, who had come up with them.

Hurling the Vicomte aside, with an angry oath, Gaston wrenched the door open, and seizing a lantern from the ground, he held it so that the interior of the coach was lighted by its yellow rays. The men, craning their necks, saw what Gaston saw. And by the words which fell from their lips it was like to go hard with the Vicomte. Within the coach sat a woman securely pinioned and with a thick cloth tied about her face and gagging her.

There was a fierce cry behind him, and Brissac was thrust roughly back by Moret, who took the woman in his arms and lifted her to the ground. To cut her bonds and remove the cloth from her face was the work of an instant. Then, as the poor, frightened creature gave vent to a burst of hysterical sobbing, she was gathered close to her husband's breast, and words of comfort were whispered by a beloved voice.

In one of the rooms of the Château de Taillandier a tall, heavily-built man of florid countenance, paced up and down in an impatient fashion, glancing at the clock each time he turned and going ever and anon to the window. He was stripped of his doublet, and his right arm was thickly bandaged and carried in a sling.

"*Ventregris!*" he exclaimed, "what has happened to delay the fool? He should have been here four hours ago. I trust Madame la Marquise has not—" He stopped to listen. "At last," he cried, as the rumble of wheels caught his ears. He stood at the window for a moment, then turning, he

strode across to the door, and passed hurriedly out.

As the coach drew up at the foot of the terrace the Marquis had also reached the spot. The door swung open, and a man sprang lightly to the ground. He was taller than the Vicomte by two inches—which the

Taillandier scowled for a moment, then turning to the servant who stood by:

"Charles," he said, "escort Madame la Marquise within doors. I will see you presently, madame, if it be your pleasure to await me."

With an inclination of her head to Brissac



"—she was gathered close to her husband's breast."

Marquis noted in a puzzled way—but as he raised his head and showed his face, Taillandier started forward in surprise.

"Brissac!" he gasped, incredulously. Before he could add more, the gay chevalier turned to assist his companion to alight.

"Vilmorin is indisposed," he said, "and so has been obliged to leave Autune somewhat suddenly. Being an old friend of his, I was glad to facilitate his departure by relieving him of the duty of accompanying this lady to the Château. The carriage met with an accident, otherwise it would have been here four hours ago, though possibly," he added, with a laugh, "its occupants might not have been the same."

The Marquis did not reply. His eyes were fastened upon the woman now standing beside Gaston. Surprise, anger, bewilderment were all mingled in his glance. At last Madame de Taillandier broke the silence.

"I could not endure the thought of leaving you here a sufferer, Henri," she murmured. "I have returned in spite of the smallpox."

—who answered it with a low bow, and a magnificent sweep of his plumed hat—she left them. When she was gone and they stood alone at some little distance from the coach, the Marquis turned furiously upon Gaston. "What does this mean, monsieur?"

"It means that that is the coach which should have brought you Monsieur le Vicomte de Vilmorin and Antoine Moret's wife," answered Brissac, suavely. "Instead, it has brought you—"

"A curse on what it has brought me," the Marquis broke in, passionately. "What am I to understand?"

"You had much better ask your wife," suggested Gaston, naively.

"Do you dare to laugh at me?" roared Taillandier.

Brissac drew himself up with that formal *hauteur* he could so easily assume.

"I do not permit men to ask me what I dare," he said, coldly. "And let me add that if your sword arm were not broken I should take the liberty of calling you a scoundrel—"

"Monsieur!"

"As it is, I shall await your return to Paris to impart the information to you. Good-night!"

And turning on his heel, he strode away with his hat slightly on one side, and the faintest suspicion of a swagger in his walk.

Taillandier called something after him, but receiving no answer, let fly a volley of

imprecations—then went within to interview the Marquise.

What passed between them was never clearly known, but the servant who assisted the Marquis to undress that night has been heard to say that his spirit was as badly broken as his arm.

Brissac left Autune next day. So did Moret and his wife.

ROMANCES OF THE BIG MINES

BY EUGENE BOYLAN PALMER

THE Millionaire Burro was self-made. He never had a pedigree. He was born to toil amid the rough life of the mountains. His companions were adventurers, eager for a "prospect," fond of a drink, seldom choice in their language, and just as seldom gentle toward the pack animal that carried their burdens up steep hillsides and down gullies in their search for hidden wealth.

In 1883 the Cœur d'Alene Mountains were known only as a picturesque range, where deer roamed almost unmolested by hunters, where trout leaped and multiplied in rushing streams, and where bears were commoner than men. But in the winter of 1883-84 the word flew abroad that these haunts of game were seamed with gold. The

precious metal had been found on the north fork of the Cœur d'Alene River, and thither rushed thousands.

It was in September of 1885, that Cooper & Peck, of Murray, Idaho, had grub-staked N. S. Kellogg, an old prospector, to look for gold. Part of the outfit was the burro. Kellogg found some samples of silver-lead ore, but an assayer told Cooper & Peck that this mineral was of insufficient value to be worth any trouble in that country, and as a consequence the partnership was dissolved.

Kellogg, however, was not willing to give up. He showed his samples to Phil O'Rourke, an old Colorado miner, who recognized their value. The two immediately started out, laboriously packing their outfit on their backs. While entering the gulch at the mouth of Milo Creek, Kellogg desisted wandering in the solitude his companion of the last prospecting tour, the burro. When the partnership with Cooper & Peck had been dissolved the donkey had been turned adrift. The animal had wandered for two weeks, and now joyfully rejoined his old friend, and willingly carried the packs of the tired prospectors.

But the pair found only "float" or surface ore. Their search for a lead brought no results. One disappointed evening they made their camp and failed to tether the burro securely. In the dead of night the animal stole away. The next morning the two set out to find him, strewing profanity as they searched. The tracks were plain, and wads of hair scraped off here and there against rocks and



The Millionaire Burro.

Discoverer and at one time part owner of the Bunker Hill Sullivan mine, Kellogg, Idaho.

fallen logs helped them keep the trail. It led along and down a steep precipice that they had difficulty in descending.

Finally, after entering a canyon and following it some distance, they saw the burro, standing immovable on the side of a hill and gazing abstractedly across the canyon. The men stole cautiously forward, expecting a chase.

But the burro remained like a statue.

When the pair reached the animal's side, they found that he was standing on an outcropping mineral vein, while he was gazing at the spot where shortly afterward was found another outcropping of glistening galena.

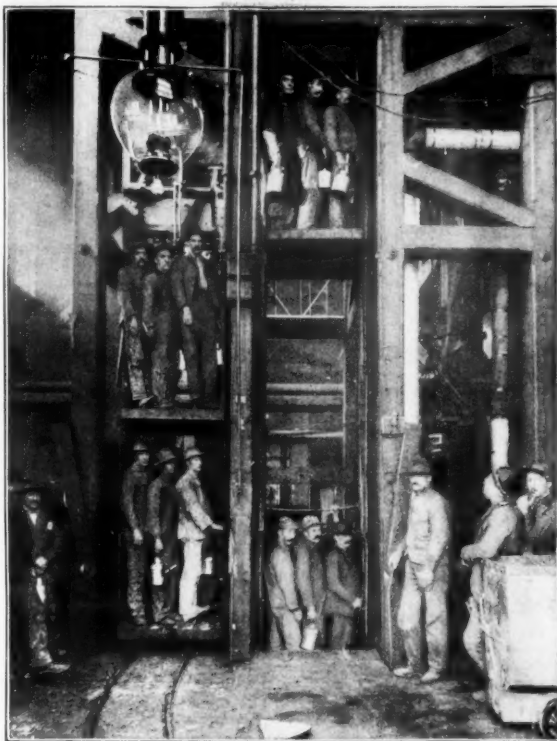
At the place where the burro stood, the Bunker Hill mine was located, Kellogg's name being signed as discoverer and O'Rourke's as witness. After talking the matter over, the two men concluded that if Kellogg was named as discoverer, Cooper & Peck might claim a share on the ground that their burro was part of the outfit, and that therefore Kellogg was still in grub-stake partnership with them. Consequently, the next morning the original notice was torn down and O'Rourke's name substituted as discoverer.

Returning to Murray, the prospectors showed their samples, and a stampede started—but nobody knew where the mine was. O'Rourke confided in "Dutch Jake" Goetz and "Con" Sullivan, however, and the latter two located the Sullivan mine at the point at which the burro had been gazing the day he stood on the Bunker Hill lode.

After many discouragements, the property was sold for \$1,500,000. Cooper & Peck sued for an interest in the mine, on the ground that the burro they had furnished in grub-staking was the real discoverer of the bonanza. Judge Henry Buck, of the district

court of Idaho, at Murray, affirmed their claim. In his decision, he said:

"This court is of the opinion that the Bunker Hill mine was discovered by the jackass, Phil O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg, and as the jackass is the property of the



Miners Ready to Descend. Portland Mine.

plaintiffs, Cooper & Peck, they are entitled to a half interest in the Bunker Hill and a quarter interest in the Sullivan claims."

The mines are now worth \$4,000,000.

In 1872, Herman Budden was wandering over the Utah hills "down on his luck." His money was gone, his food supply was exhausted, and his long quest for "something good" had been fruitless. He stumbled over a rock as big as a man's head that lay in his path, vented his temper by hitting it a vicious blow with his prospector's pick, and then passed glumly on. He had gone only a few feet when something made him turn back to see if there was not "color" in that

rock. He found it to be the outcropping of an extremely rich silver-lead vein.

Budden located a claim and began to develop the mine. Shortly afterward he sold it to Senator R. C. Chambers, representing the George Hearst syndicate, for \$30,000.



Separating Ore at the Portland Mine.

The mine has since paid \$13,750,000 in dividends.

In 1886, twelve men, headed by William Hall, were prospecting through the Kootenay mountain region near the line. They were looking for placer gold and found none. Their horses emulated "Kellogg's Jack" by straying to the top of the mountain. The men had resolved to give up and return to their homes in Colville, Washington. Hall's adopted son, William White, and an Indian were sent after the horses. Strawn over the summit of the mountain they found pieces of brilliant peacock copper ore, with outcroppings of the same material. Filling their pockets with pieces of the rock, they started to rejoin the rest of the party.

Stumbling on a covey of grouse, they nearly emptied their pockets throwing at the fluttering birds. Fortunately, the white boy kept enough of his specimens for an assay. This was so promising that the party returned and located the Silver King, Kootenay Bonanza and other claims of the Hall

Mines group, which, before their development was more than begun, sold at a price reputed to be \$750,000.

P. E. De Ville, familiarly known as "French Pete," had a little garden and dairy farm near Juneau, Alaska. One day in 1881, while on Douglas Island "French Pete" saw yellow nuggets on the ground in front of him. Gold had already been discovered near Sitka, and he knew what it was. In three days he washed out \$600. He told his story, and the wild stampede began. A year later he sold his claim to John Treadwell for \$350, and the exclusive privilege of supplying butter, eggs and vegetables to the camp. The claim became the famous Treadwell mine, a sixth interest in which sold at the rate of \$2,100,000 for the entire mine.

A Congregational missionary, W. T. Lop, stationed at Cape Prince of Wales, first found gold at Cape York, the western extremity of the American continent. Mr. Lop visited the neighborhood in his labors in August, 1899. The gold fever was epidemic through all the northern land, and he could not help being somewhat affected. Within sight of the bleak Siberian shore, he began looking for gold. It was visible

in the gravel in large flakes. The United States revenue cutter *Bear* was in the vicinity. Captain Jarvis came ashore. He and Mr. Lop began picking out gold. The missionary staked out twenty claims and became a wealthy man.

The history of Nome is a little clouded, but it is generally conceded that the first great discoveries were made by a Swedish sailor who could not get along with his captain and mate and who went ashore for the sake of peace.

When the news of the Cape York discovery reached Nome, that district was in the throes of the "beach excitement." The man who started this rush is now a firm believer in the adage, "It is always darkest before dawn." His life had been spent in a vain quest for riches. He had mined in Colorado, Arizona, Nevada and Utah. Two years before, when old age had come upon him, he had started for the Klondike. Ill luck pursued him. On all sides were men with claims from which they were taking wealth, but

wherever his pick and shovel touched, the ground appeared to be worthless. He drifted down the Yukon. Hearing that the streams about Nome were rich, he struck out for this Eldorado, in the summer of 1899, only to find that every promising claim along the creeks had been taken, some of them two or three times over. His money was gone and so were his provisions. Age and hardship had worn him down so much that when the scurvy seized him nothing seemed to be left for him to do but to await helplessly the relief of death. His tent was pitched on the seashore, and there he lay watching the excited crowds arriving in boatloads from Seattle. He spent the long days idly washing the sand within reach in his pan. The occupation in which he had used the many fruitless years of his life was become the solace of his dying hours. Suddenly a strange gleam caught his eye. He began to wash the sand excitedly now and with microscopic care.

A group of treasure-seekers on their way to a creek noticed him bent over the pan.

"Lookin' fer gold, ain't yeh?" they cried, gyingly.

"Yes," retorted the sick man, "and what's more I've found it."

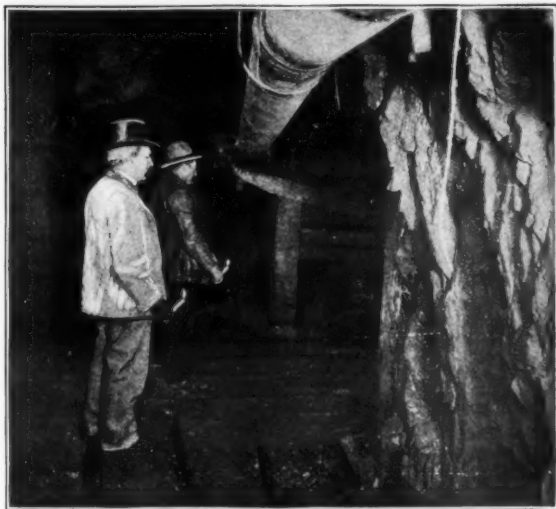
In a day the mad tide of gold-seekers was rushing to the beach. The sick man's luck brought back his health, and if he had not been tied down by long custom to the restless life of a miner his wealth would have secured for his closing days affluence and comfort.

The history of Cripple Creek and of the great fortune of W. S. Stratton is well known. First of white men to visit the region was Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, in 1806, after whom the massive fortress of nature known as Pike's Peak was named. But neither he nor his companions found the stores of gold that lay just beyond the mountain.

The Forty-niners left untouched the richness of Colorado. In 1857-8 the watchword, "Pike's Peak or bust," bespoke a delusion

as to gold discoveries, but brought a throng of settlers. Silver and gold were found at other places, and Colorado became a wealthy state. But cattle roved over the hills of Cripple Creek.

In 1884 word flew from lip to lip among the miners of Leadville and other camps that a strike of fabulous richness had been made at Mount Pisgah, one of the flock of hills herded by Pike's Peak. The rush of miners started in the night time, and in twelve hours the hills about Cripple Creek were thronged with prospectors. But no trace of gold was found except in the hole dug by the man who started the stampede, and who wanted to sell out. A little investigation showed that his claim had been salted. The only reason there was no lynching was because the proposed star performer had got away in a hurry. After drinking up all the whiskey that could be found, the four thousand men folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away. The cattle continued to roam over the hills, while Robert Womack worked on the ranch and put in his spare



Millionaires in Their Working Clothes.

David Keith and Thomas Kearns, worth together over \$10,000,000, inspecting their Silver King mine. They once worked for three dollars a day.

time exciting ridicule by digging a hole in Poverty Gulch. Womack's "well" is now part of the \$1,000,000 Gold King mine. At one time he gave a young drug clerk a half interest in his claim for a flask of whiskey. Womack was a typical cowboy, who many

a time has startled the slumbering people of Colorado Springs, by shots, wild yells and the scurry of hoofs. His discoveries resulted in making scores of men millionaires. But to-day he is poor, though temperate.

Thus events drifted until 1891, when silver was on the down grade and Colorado was gloomy over the sad prospects of her chief industry. Then it was that a natural thirst for water, followed by a presentiment, made a millionaire out of a carpenter and started an excitement that has added many millions to the wealth of the state and of the world. W. S. Stratton was the carpenter and house builder who is now famous as the original discoverer of Cripple Creek's vast riches.

Many another mining camp has been traveled over for years before its wealth was uncovered. Leadville passed through the placer gold excitement of California gulch in 1860, but it was nearly a score of years later before the rich silver-lead deposits were found, while years afterward gold again became a prominent factor in the fortunes of the camp.

The story of Mercur, Utah, is a striking illustration of the ups and downs of a typi-



Mercur, with Golden Gate Mill in the Distance.

A sample of the mushroom town that springs up on the site of a paying prospect.

cal mining camp. Many years ago the Indians there were supreme. Arrowheads and other relics picked up near the site of Mercur indicate that the tribes have at times contested among themselves for that supremacy with these hills as a battleground.

In 1870, silver was discovered on this site and two years later the Carrie Steele mine took out \$83,000 in three months, and the Camp Floyd boom leaped to its height. Lewiston sprang up almost in a day where Mercur now stands. The town was in a fever. There were rich strikes, shootings, wild carousals and claim jumpings. The Mormon Chief mine was transformed into a fort, and battles for its possession were frequent.

Then the bottom dropped out. The camp was deserted. The sounds of pick and blast were gone from the deep recesses. Bats fluttered unmolested about the rotting timbers. Coyotes slunk into the tunnels and from this vantage ground howled defiance at the fierce wind of winter. For a time the spectral buildings stood gloomily on their stilts, their paneless windows staring vacantly. Then decay made them sink gradually into desolate heaps, to be swept away later by fire.

In 1880 only one house was left in the entire canyon. There lived solitary Moses Manning, keeping up assessment work on a few claims. In 1881, Arie Pinedo thought he had found quicksilver in the old camp. He staked out a claim and named it Mercur. But the mercury never paid to develop the claim. In 1883, gold was found in assays, but it could not be extracted. A few men became interested and carried on mining in a desultory way without success. The Mercur claim was sold as a "gold brick" to a party of Nebraska "tenderfeet." For years they worked away. Ore was to be found in plenty, and the assays showed large amounts of gold. But every process they tried

brought no results in extracting the precious metal. They exhausted their capital, and in 1893 they were \$50,000 in debt and at the end of their rope.

Gilbert Peyton, one of the owners, who was a Nebraska druggist, visited the mine.

Going through the drawers of the office desk he came upon a pamphlet which had been sent to the foreman. It was a brief description of the cyanide process, then new in America. With his druggist's experience, Peyton had no difficulty in mixing a cyanide solution and testing it in a cupel with some pulverized ore. But the solution did not seem to percolate the powdered ore, and the experiments were failures. Sick at heart, Peyton left in the cupel a solution with which he had been making tests until it was much diluted, and went to bed. The next morning he noticed that the weakened solution had penetrated the clay cupel.

"If the weak solution will go through clay like that, it ought to go through large pieces of ore," he reasoned.

The problem was solved. A weak solution and larger pieces of ore were tried, and the process worked like a charm.

The owners of the Mercur mine were transformed into rich men. Moses Manning, the patient hermit, made \$15,000. The town of Mercur sprang up, phoenix-like, and is to-day one of the richest gold camps in the United States.

The great Payne mine in the Slocan district of British Columbia furnishes the story of a trick that failed. In 1891, John Seaton and Eli Carpenter were prospecting around Kaslo Creek, Slocan River and Slocan Lake, in the heart of one of the ruggedest regions of the Rockies. Seaton found a galena lode, which the pair located as the Payne Mine. When they returned to Ainsworth, Carpenter had assays made, and gave a report to Seaton that the ore was practically worthless. This discouraged Seaton so that he dismissed the project entirely. But "Old Bill" Hennessy, a prospector at Ainsworth, heard of the circumstances and became suspicious. He managed to procure some samples of the ore, had them assayed and found that they were marvelously rich. Carpenter was preparing to return to the Slocan district with another partner and locate everything in sight, when Hennessy told Seaton what he had learned, and the pair started post-haste to get ahead of the others. Then followed an exciting race. Hennessy and Seaton were

followed by three other prospectors, who insisted on being taken in. After fierce disputes that led almost to personal encounters, a compromise was reached and the entire party pushed on, reaching the goal ahead of Carpenter and his partner, and locating



Working an Air-drill in the Independence Mine.

twenty-three claims, including the Maid of Erin, which was the extension of the Payne, the Noble Five group, Ruby Silver, Last Chance, Northern Belle, R. E. Lee, Slocan Boy and others which have since become famous. Carpenter and his partner came up later, furious at their defeat. They got what was left.

Another exciting race for a mine took place in February, 1896. For many years it had been known that the Colville Indian Reservation was rich in minerals, and prospectors had slipped in, eluding the vigilance of the Indian police, to explore the mountains in northern Washington. But long before white men had entered, the Indians

knew that the top of a low mountain near the nation's border line was covered with bright blue stones, so gaudy that many were carried off and placed in the wigwams. The prospectors knew that these gay stones betokened the existence of copper veins, and many a hungry eye was cast at that rock-strewn patch of ground before the Government lifted the ban that kept out pale-face intruders.

But Congress passed a law opening part of the reservation to mineral location.

Waiting for the President to sign the formal proclamation, two parties quietly entered the forbidden territory and camped alongside the promising vein. At Marcus, the nearest telegraph station, two young men waited with tense nerves for the first tick that would tell that the President had signed the proclamation. It was a cold, gray winter day, and the snow was piled high. Late in the afternoon the word came, and there was a simultaneous dash for the horses that were waiting outside. Then the race began. Plunging through drifts, tumbling down declines, toiling desperately up steep hills and bounding at full speed over the level stretches, these two horses bore their riders. Sometimes one was ahead and sometimes the other. The sun disappeared and the hurrying pair blundered along through the deepening twilight, and then in the light of the stars reflected by the glistening snow. Spurs were plunged so deep that flecks of blood stained the snow. Almost side by side they scrambled up the mountain. The yells of the riders were heard in the distance by the rival watchers, who did not wait a further hint, but drove the stakes that were to locate the La Fleur Mine.

Then followed wordy disputes, fist fights and the flourishing of Winchesters, but before the mine was christened with blood, one party concluded to withdraw and fight its battle in the courts.

The La Fleur Mine is owned by a British-Canadian syndicate that has been generally successful in its mining investments. It is not so with all English corporations. At the head of Little Cottonwood Canyon in the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, above the spot out of which the huge blocks of the great Mormon temple at Salt Lake were quarried, precipitous canyon walls, scattered piles of battered boards and other debris, form desolate relics of a once thriving city of 10,000 inhabitants. Here and there on the steep sides of the hills are the dumps which tell of former activity in the numerous

mines. An occasional shaft-house and a few other buildings have been staunch enough to withstand the avalanches that formerly swept down the mountain sides and buried under twenty to fifty feet of snow the city at the bottom of the cleft. One shaft-house stands on the hill close by the city's ruins. On this town site was once the famous mining camp of Alta. The shaft-house marks the Emma Mine, a \$5,000,000 bubble that stirred two nations.

Here the first mines of Utah were located by soldiers of Camp Douglas, in 1864. Duty called officers and privates elsewhere, however, and as there was no railroad to transport the ores, the claims were abandoned. When the railroad came a miner named J. F. Woodman relocated one of the claims, and it became the Emma Mine, from which silver ore was taken of such marvelous richness that all America became excited in 1870, and miners flocked in from every side. But in 1871 the owners of the Emma came to the conclusion that the mine was on the point of being worked out. Trenor W. Park and Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, made a trip to England. They organized a company of which they made United States Minister Robert C. Schenck, who taught the Englishmen the great American game of draw-poker, a director. All speculative London tumbled over itself to get some of the precious stock, which was supposed to act like the touch of Midas. The mine was unloaded to this aggregation of Englishmen for \$5,000,000.

The new owners sent over some managers, who indulged in the wildest extravagance. In six months the mine was losing so much that work ceased entirely. England was enraged. A congressional committee investigated the conduct of Minister Schenck and recommended that he be censured for his share in the transaction. At present the only human being about the mine is a watchman, and he takes his pay in working the streaks of rich ore that still remain, confident that some day the property will be again worked on a large scale, and that discreet management will uncover untold wealth. Many persons to-day are positive that the collapse of the Emma Mine was due entirely to the management.

A careful estimate of the wealth of mining men in the United States shows that the property amassed by business shrewdness, unaided by romantic discoveries, is approximately four times that of the men who have stumbled upon rich mines. Of the latter

class, scarcely one in a hundred has managed to retain his wealth without developing great business ability to add to his original good fortune.

One of the most valuable mines in the world, the United Verde Copper Mine, at

Jerome, Arizona, is a case in point. Discovered by one of the swarm of prospectors that succeeded General Howard's captive Indians at Camp Verde, it was worked unprofitably for years. Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, secured control of it for about \$60,000. He built a railroad and a smelter, and applied improved methods to

the development of the property. To-day it is paying at the rate of \$12,000,000 a year.

Senator Clark started in life driving a mule team to haul supplies into Western mining camps. To-day he is the richest mining man in the Western hemisphere, if not in the world. He was asked these two questions:

"How much of a part does chance play in achieving success in mining as compared with scientific knowledge and business ability?"

"What are the chances for success in mining as compared with other lines of business?"

Here are his replies:

"Chance may be a factor in the acquisition of a good mining property, but there its operations cease. The development and the operations which follow depend largely on technical knowledge in the treatment of ores, as well as on competent business ability and good judgment.

"The chances of success in the mining industry are equally good, if not better, than the chances in any other legitimate business, provided it is managed on business principles. I have known many instances where persons acquired very valuable mining property, but

their incompetency resulted in absolute failure."

In a similar vein, another wealthy mine owner, former Senator R. C. Chambers, of Utah, says:

"Not one in two hundred prospectors 'strike it rich' through luck. Not one in fifty prospects is worth anything. Mining is a business, but it is a poor man's business. If

a man has lost all he has, there is a chance for him to work until he has got together a little money, start out over the hills, and perhaps get rich. But the most money is made by men of means who invest carefully."

Thus rich men and poor men turn to the mines, and wherever is promise of precious metals there are eager, excited throngs, ranging from princes down to beggars. Sometimes the two extremes exchange positions. These few true tales have barely touched a field as rich in story as the mines are in treasure. There are narratives dealing with the mines in Mexico that yielded fabulously to ancient races, and even now, worked in a primitive fashion, make the land a Golconda. There are the tales of the lost mines that fade like sweet dreams never to be found again, and of aboriginal mines that have been rediscovered and have given up fortunes.



The Machine-drill, at a 700-foot Level, in Gold Coin Mine.

HIS LAST CHECK

By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

"PASSED in his checks." I used the slang phrase as I commented on the recent demise of old Tom Pease, our mutual friend—but the sentence had an unexpected effect on my companion. He started and looked at me keenly.

"You heard about it?" he asked.

"About his being found dead in the sand slip, you mean? Yes. There was something in the Boston paper about it."

Abe hesitated. "I mean about his passin' in his checks——"

It was my turn to be surprised—he said it so seriously.

"That's a piece of college slang," I explained. "It just means he up and died. What did you think I was driving at?"

Abe looked out across the ocean where the surf ridges marked the shoals like white rulings on a blue board. He seemed lost in thought as he prodded the loose white sand. To right and left the beach swept like a highroad at the foot of the big sandhills that towered up hundreds of feet. On their highest summit the great shaft of Highland Light made a sharp white contrast to the almost purple azure of the sky. To the left the huddled buildings of Highland Life Saving Station No. 1 were discernible among the rolling dunes. The crew was practicing. Amid shouts and splashing a long boat on rollers was rapidly wheeled into the water, where she bobbed like a cork. Abe jerked the stem of his cornob pipe in the direction of the station.

"That's No. 8. She's the gol-durned meanest boat alive. She's drowned seven since she came; the last one was Pete Dame—the night that Tom was killed. You putty nigh hit it when you said he 'passed in his checks.' He did just that, and we none of us can't explain it, so we ain't sayin' much. It was last February, you remember, me and Tom both took winter tricks at the Station—an' I suppose I shall again, come this fall. Fifty a month and a pension if you dies is too good to lose, if the work is hard. Well, as I was sayin', it was February. Durn me!

but you should see this here coast when the old Atlantic gets her back up! You've seen the autumn gales, and you thought them was putty stiff, but they ain't but little Sally's a-correctin' her doll to one of Tempy Ann's scoldin's."

I laughed. Abe was referring to Annabelle Terushia Coffin, the prize scold of Provincetown—commonly called Tempy, as short for Tempestuous.

Abe did not laugh. . . . After a pause, he went on.

"Tom Pease, he was at Station No. 2, five miles further on, and our half-way shelter is between them here—yonder, where you kin make out that red flag-pole. You know the system, don't you? Every one of us hez his number—an' a little brass check, same as what they use down tew the Station depot. I go on my patrol, I take my check along, an' when I get tew the shack, I give mine to the fellow from Station No. 2, an' he gives me his'n, an' we take 'em back with us. So that way they ain't no doubt the hull patrol is made.

"In the old days, when the weather was too blustery, the men would jist git to cover an' stay there till 'bout time tew go in. But now the hull trick hez to be done, and yer checks swapped before you can go back. Tew of us leave the Station at the same time—one goin' toward Station 2, Highland, t'other goin' Provincetown way, to Bull Reef Station shelter. That's the way—up an' down the hull Cape—in all weathers, meetin' an' swappin' checks an' goin' back ag'in. There be nights when it's a mighty pleasant jant, walkin' a piece down the shingle with the stars overhead—an' in the water, too, till you seem ter be a floatin' between 'em. There be pitch-black times, with the fog layin' thick, till you've got to navigate by feel an' smell. But it do beat all—when you get out with a northeaster a-blowin' the salt an' sand in yer eyes, an' the cold that hard you're like to find yer breath froze solid in yer mouth. The Gov'mint sent us gol-durned contraptions to put over



"Yer mark my words, we'll never git through this night without havin' the boats out, an' old No. 8 tew."

our faces to pertect us, an' narey a man cum home that time but had his whiskers stuck tight ter the insides of the consarned thing.

"Waal, as I wuz sayin'—that February we hed 'bout as nasty a lot of days as ever come together—an' work! Durn me, but we would cum in from fightin' them gales an' fall down, plumb done up. We hed wrecks an' wrecks, an' the beach wuz thick with the drifts from 'em. But wasn't no use to try an' patrol the beach. The breakers cum a' whoopin' an' a' roarin' right up to the Station doors. Sure's I'm here, I've seen them combers jump up there by the Light till they cum over the cliff, and souse the old glim herself. It did beat all, that spell!

"Waal, the strain wuz tellin' on us. We lost Sam Edwards—frozen stiff in the boat

one day. We were workin' with a Norwegian bark there," Abe pointed seaward, "on that third reef. We were short-handed. Jake Norton's feet were frozen, an' we couldn't spare a man to recruit. I tell you, those were hard days. Waal, when we thought the old sky must a' blown herself out—up she came ag'in, fit ter split! I never did see the like. The wind jist fairly lifted these here sandhills an' plumped 'em down hither an' yon, till even if yer knowed the coast like yer mother's kitchen, yer couldn't hev found yer way. It came my trick tew go out on patrol at eight that night—the tenth, it wuz. I took my check from the rack and wrapped all the clothes I owned around me. I went tew the door, an' then I looked back at the boys. They wuz settin'

'bout the stove, with the lamps all lit an' lookin' that warm an' cozy that it sorter made me mad, an' I shouted at 'em:

"'Yer needn't be settlin' yerselves ter this home an' fireside of yourn. Yer mark



"Tom," I says, 'are you much hurt—what kin I do fer you?'"

my words, we'll never git through this night without havin' the boats out, an' old No. 8, tew—durn her!"

"With that, I pushed the door open, an' it slammed behind me like a distress gun. The wind caught me in the mouth an' I swallered a load o' sand. Whew! I never see the like. The wind caught me between the shoulders like a pair o' hands, and shoved me down the dunes at forty knots an hour. The sea wuz ravin' crazy. You couldn't hear yerself think for the noise she made, an' the spray soused me over an' over, though I wuz takin' as inland a course as I dared, an'

keep the sea in sight. I stumbled and the wind pitched me forrard on my face. I got up an' she blew me down ag'in. By the Jumpin' Jemima, I thought I wuz done fer. I hed a mind ter go back, but it's a durned disgrace. Ter cum back without swappin' yer check—I knew if the boys hed that on me, they'd never let up.

"Where's yer check, Abe? Been tew the half-way Shelter tew-day, Abe?"

"I couldn't stan' that; so I went on.

"But it wuz the hardest work in the world, fer all that the wind wuz a-shovin' of me till I fair ran when I wuz holdin' back with all my might. Whop!—a wave landed right spang at my feet; then I knew I wuz gettin' too far out, an' I fought sidewise till I found a rise, fer I'd no mind ter be blown inter that surf. Black! the word don't mean nothin' beside that darkness. I worked and scrambled and fit, till I didn't hev no thoughts 'cept to reach thet shelter. Lookin' an' listenin' fer wrecks wuz 'bout as much use as hearkin' fer a mouse's squeak in a saw mill. Once I thought I saw a light seaward, but the wind grabbed a mounting o' gravel and swopped it in my face, an' I wuz five minutes pullin' it out. It took two hours and a half to do thet beat, but I done it an' got inter the shelter.

"You've seen it; jist a little one-room shack, with a chair or two an' a shelf, a box o' tools an' a package o' them Greek fire-lights—we allers carries some with us, but there's extra ones hid at the shelter. I wuz glad when I seen thet little house. The sand wuz banked up against it like a snowdrift, an' looked 'bout as white in the lantern light. The wind was whistlin' an' shrillin' through the chinks till it sounded like some sort o' flute music. I opened the door an' went in.

"My, me! but it wuz good ter git a breath without havin' it knocked inter or outer yer. I didn't expect to find no one there. If it took me two hours an' a half with the wind behind me, how long would it take the man that hez ter face it! There wuz the kinder job they used ter give us tew skule. Well, I hedn't been a-settin' long when I hearn a sort o' halloa! T'other man's lost his bearin's, I thought. I'll give him a toot. So to the door I went, an' swung the lantern an' hollered. Then it come ag'in, nearer. Then I seen some one comin' up out o' the murk. I could make him out tall and thin an' bent double ag'inst the wind. He come wonderful quick, considerin'. Another minit an' he pushed by me an' come inside.

It was Long Tom Pease—but I'd hardly a-known him. He wuz caked from head to foot in dirt an' sand. His clothes were torn an' from under his sou'wester cap blood wuz sousin' down an' over his oilskins. I never see a livin' man so white.

"'Quick!' he says tew me, 'hev y' a light—mine is wet.'

"'Yep,' I says. 'Wreck?'

"He nods. 'Close in—Italian bark—eighteen in crew, an' passengers.'

"'It was in my mind to ask how on arth he found thet out, but 'twarn't no time fer talk nor questions.

"'Did you burn any light at all?' I asked.

"He shook his head, an' the blood sprung out ag'in under his hat.

"'Much hurt? How did you get that? There's a flask in the tool-box, take a swig while I light up.' I lit the stick inside the shack, and went out into the storm. I climbed onto a knoll an' held up the signal high as I could—they'll burn in any weather, but this wuz nigh too much even for them. I kep' on lightin' an' putty soon I made out a sort o' glow from my Station. Then, sure enough, between the Shelter and Station 2, a blue light showed up. 'Twas awful faint an' it didn't last long. If my eye hadn't a-been peeled I never should hev seen it—it might ha' been a big breaker gleamin'. Then I went back to the Shelter.

"'Tom Pease wuz layin' back sort o' weak like, but he looks up. Jumpin' Jemima! but his eyes wuz strange; they seemed to burn bluer than the wreck lights—an' they made me feel queer. I thought his fall, or whatever hurted him, turned him sorter looney, an' I didn't know what tew do, fer I should a-been puttin' fer my Station.

"'Tom,' I says, 'are you much hurt—what kin I do fer you?'

"He shook his head ag'in.

"'Nothin' ter dew,' he says, sort o' mournful. 'I got caught in a sand slip 'bout a mile above here, an' a rock hit me on the head. There's nothin' ter dew—but it wuz my duty to report that wreck, an' report it I hev—an' here's my check, Abe, old man.'

"He handed me his little brass square,

an' I dug out mine, an' we swapped. My heart sort o' went back on me to leave him there all alone.

"'Let me see your head,' I says. 'Maybe I can fix it up so's it'll be easier. Stay here till we come over for you.' But when I moved towards him he started up an' pulled down his old sou'wester.

"'No, no,' he says, an' he kept them queer eyes o' his'n on me. 'Go on,' he says,



"'Savers is trained to do as they're told, . . . but if seemed like sheer murder.'

'you're short-handed over your way, an' they'll need you.'

"'I wrapped my things tigh' 'bout me an' went tew the door. 'I'd leave my lantern, for I see you lost your'n, but I couldn't find nor hair nor hide o' the Station without it in this night.'

"'Go on,' he says, sharp-like, 'an' tell Pete Dame I'll see him in the mornin'. Don't you bother 'bout me—when you're gone I'll sleep, an' with thet his head sinks forward on his hands.

"'Waal, thet was a fight in thet storm,

but the wind had sorter let up an' 'bout half way I run on our crew, waist deep in water, tryin' to haul the boat along the sands. No. 2 wuz out, they were nearest, an' we couldn't make out their signals, an' seaward the blue lights were flarin' on the reef. I'll not forget that night.

"I told the boys 'bout Tom, an' gave Pete his message. Pete wuz no partic'lar friend

gibberish, an' begged everybody to get her. I noticed he sot putty still himself.

"Up goes Pete. The riggin' was stiff with ice and slippery—an' the wind!—but I told yer what thet wuz. Waal, he got thar—got thar, and lowered that Dago woman tew the deck an' we histed her inter the lifeboat. Then Pete began comin' down.

"Suddenly the captain yells, 'Shore off!'



"Three of the boys wuz standin' by me, an' they looked kinder queer."

o' his'n, an' he didn't see why he should want ter see him in the mornin'. Howsomer, we were tew busy for the next four hours to bother 'bout anything. Sure enough, as Tom had told, the wreck wuz an Italian bark run bows on hard an' fast an' goin' to pieces. An' what a time we hed with them Dagoes. A Portuguese Dago is a seaman all over; but these here Italian Dagoes is 'bout as good sailors as I am a preacher. They didn't know what ter dew with the life lines and the cradle. They didn't seem to know anythin', an' when we did get a boat to them, they like ter swamped us first off. We hed ter club 'em to make 'em lie still, they wuz thet crazy. The Dago captain wuz as bad as any—or worse, fer his wife wuz on board, an' he plumb forgot her. She wuz tied in the riggin', an' 'twas Pete thet made her out aloft.

"'I'll be goll-durned if there ain't a woman,' he says. 'I'll go,' an' with thet he jumps back.

"The Dago captain, bein' reminded thet he hed a wife, began ravin' an' callin' some

"Savers is trained to do as they're told, an' we done it thet time, but it seemed like sheer murder, an' it makes me sick yet to think 'bout it. It jist saved us, though. The cap'n hed seen what we hadn't—the mast wuz goin'—an' down she came, an' jist missed us by a shavin'. But Pete!

"There warn't no use waitin' fer him; he wuz on the underside of thet stick when she fell—we saw him—so we braces an' pulls.

"No 2. boats were busy, too, you can bet. An' we made a haul o' fifteen souls all told, but it cost us Pete, an'—— Yes, I'm comin' to Tom——"

Abe gazed at the gentle ocean gurgling and plashing among the seaweeds and pebbles, at the shingle's rim. Then he shook himself, shifted his pipe and looked at me.

"I jist told you 'bout Pete because you see Tom had sent him that message—that wuz one of the durned queer things 'bout the thing. But what I started to tell wuz 'bout Tom, an' I'm goin' back to him now. Waal, after we got quieted down I called one of No. 2's crew, an' I told him 'bout

Tom. His mate, Sandy McPherson, volunteered to go for him. It wuz nigh onto four in the mornin' an' blacker'n the sins o' Baal, so I sez 'I'll go, too.'

"We started off, but we were frozen cold, full of water thet hed turned ice, an' the dram we took before goin' jist made us able to feel we hed a warm spot of life some-where in our stone-cold gizzards. The wind hed gone down some, but, gosh! the cold—mebbe it warn't any colder than before, but we felt it more.

"We made the shack and went in. Nobody was there—empty as a stale seashell, an' on the chair where I'd seen Tom last a settin', wuz my old square number check. Sandy looked at me, an' I dug out Tom's check an' showed it to him. Sandy looked at it, shook his head an' grunted: 'Light-headed, I guess. But 'tain't any use huntin' fer him now. Go back to the station, an' the next man who patrols can keep a lookout fer him.'

"I knew Sandy wuz right, though I hated to think of poor Tom wanderin' through them shifted sandhills with his broken head an' those wreck-fire eyes. I couldn't get him out o' my mind, an' when I got home I told James McGann, who wuz goin' out on the beat, to keep his headlights shined up for Pease, as he might be looney an' wanderin'.

"I wuz dog-tired. I went up and got dried off and then jist fell over onto my cot—and, Jehosiphat! how I did saw wood! For you don't know but you'll be called up ag'in at any minute, an' we wuz all pretty nigh frozen and beat. Waal, I slep', an' slep', an' slep'—when somebody grabs me an' shakes me good an' lively.

"'All right, sir,' I sings out, an' jumps up. Three o' the boys wuz standin' by me, an' they looked kinder queer.

"'What wuz thet yarn you told last night 'bout Long Tom Pease,' Jim says.

"I told him over ag'in. Then I sez, 'You durn fool! what did you wake me up for to ask such questions? Hev they found him?'

"'What wuz thet Tom told you 'bout gettin' hurt in the sand slip?' he asks ag'in.

"'Jest what I told you,' I sez. 'He said he got cot in a sand slip 'bout a mile up the coast, an' a rock had cut his head an' putty bad, too, I sez, for when I saw him, the blood wuz sousin' out under his sou'wester, but he wouldn't let me tech him.'

"The boys all drew in their breath, an' then they all whistled, slow an' soft-like.

"'Hev they found him?' I asked, fer I wuz gettin' riled.

"'Yep,' sez they.

"'Where?' sez I.

"'In the sand slip,' says they.

"'What!' an' I jumps up. 'Yer don't mean he wandered back there a second time an' got dumped?'

"'Nope,' sez they. 'Perhaps he never wuz there but once. He's lyin' with a ton of rock on his head an' he must have fell when the slip first went, fer he's most buried in the loose truck an' there's no track or sign that he ever moved, an' there warn't but one slip. . . .'

"Waal," and Abe knocked the ashes out of his pipe nervously, "you could have blown me over with a breath. I got up in a hurry an' jumped into my things. It wuz still blowin' hard an' the rain hed come with a perfect whippin' o' hail. I didn't wait breakfast, an' below in the settin' room wuz Sandy, who hed brought the news. Off I went runnin', an' though that beat hez seemed long sometimes, it never wuz so all-fired long as thet mornin' I passed the Shelter at a gallop an' made on up the highlands. I could see a group of men 'bout a mile further on. They were riggin' some sort o' a pulley, I thought, so I ploughed on. When they saw who I wuz, one of 'em come down ter meet me.

"'Durned queer business,' he called out.

"I held my tongue and caught up.

"'He must a-been on the cliff when it gave way,' he said to me.

"At last we got up an' looked over. A big bite wuz taken clean out of the cliff. It must have been soft or holler underneath. Anyway, the slide hed gone spillin' out on the beach. The lower part wuz already chawed and spread by the surf, but the upper half wuz jest as it hed gone down. An' there on the top wuz long Tom's body, with the top of his head mashed in by a boulder thet had gone down with him. In one hand wuz his unlit signal fire. He must a-been getting ready to burn it when the slip come. Of course, there's one chance in a hundred that after he left the Shelter he may have wandered back an' been caught a second time an' been killed, but we don't any of us think thet way, fer what did he mean by telling Pete he'd meet him in the mornin'?

"An' how, if he hadn't had other than mortal eyes, could he hev known the wreck wuz an Italian bark, an' she carried eighteen? You may explain an' explain—but I tell you there ain't no explanation fer how Tom Pease swapped his last check."

A WATER COLOR

By BLISS CARMAN

There's a picture in my room
Lightens many an hour of gloom,—

Cheers me under fortune's frown
And the drudgery of town.

Many and many a winter's day
When my soul sees all things gray,

Here is veritable June,
Heart's content and spirit's boon.

It is scarce a hand-breadth wide
Not a span from side to side,

Yet it is an open door
Looking back to joy once more,

Where the level marshes lie,
A quiet journey of the eye,

And the unsubstantial blue
Makes the fine illusion true.

And I forth and travel there
In the blessed light and air,

Miles of green tranquility
Down the river to the sea.

Here the sea-birds roam at will,
And the sea-wind on the hill

Brings the hollow pebbly roar
From the dim and rosy shore,

With the very scent and draft
Of the old sea's mighty craft.

I am standing on the dunes,
By some charm that must be June's,

When the magic of her hand
Lays a sea-spell on the land,

And the old enchantment falls
On the blue-gray orchard walls

And the purple high-top boles,
While the orange orioles

Flame and whistle through the green
Of that paradisaal scene.

I can hear the bob-white call
Down beyond the pasture wall,

Strolling idly for an hour
Where the elder is in flower,

Musing in the scented heat,
Where the bayberry is sweet,

And the silent shadows run
Up the cliff-side in the sun.

Or I cross the bridge and reach
The mossers' houses on the beach,

Where the bathers on the sand
Lie sea-freshened and sun-tanned.

Thus I pass the gates of time
And the boundaries of clime,

Change the ugly, man-made street
For God's country green and sweet.

Fag of body, irk of mind,
In a moment left behind,

Once more I possess my soul
With the poise and self-control

Beauty gives the free of heart
Through the sorcery of art.



Tuber photo.

CLAUS SPRECKELS, THE SUGAR KING

By VICTOR H. O'BRIEN

CALIFORNIA has had her bonanza mining kings, her wheat kings and her cattle kings; other states and countries have had their oil kings and their coffee kings and their iron kings and their cotton kings; but Claus Spreckels of California is another kind of a king, strictly *sui generis*. He made his money out of sugar—out of the actual manufacture of it, and not out of the speculation and trading in its stock, or out of the juggling of its prices. He is the sugar king by virtue of a veritable conquest of the industry. He has mastered the craft of it, more than he has cared to exercise the tricks of it—and he has been the one man whom combinations of persons in the same business have been unable to dominate.

Claus Spreckels wanted "to be something and somebody" when he first came to America. That is why he ran away from Germany to avoid being drafted into the army. He had kicked along in wooden shoes

behind his father's plow for nineteen years, barring the few years before he was old enough to walk, and had begun to feel, as the seed he sowed, like spreading out. Parents, family parson and friends protested. But he had made up his mind. And his mind was then, as it has been ever since, unchangeable. That is to say, he weighed the prospect of three to five years in the army against three to five years spent in getting a foothold in the United States, and decided in favor of the latter. Then, having decided, he was not to be moved.

He arrived at Charleston, S. C., in 1848, with three dollars in his pocket, and probably thought for a little while that the German army was preferable. But his three dollars stretched out over a portion of a month's expenses until he got a job in a grocery store for his board, and without much further delay he began "to do something." The "something" was only a raise of four dollars a week in salary during the

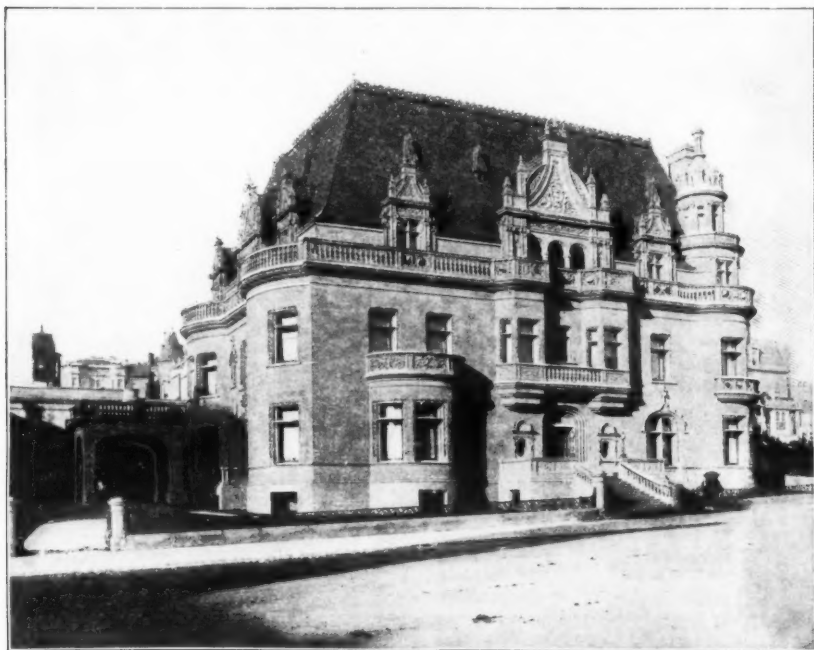
second month of his employment, and a transfer to another grocer at eight dollars during the third month. But he wrestled with boxes and used the scoop and managed the scales so carefully that when his employer, eighteen months later, was about to give up the business, Spreckles bought him out on credit, and in twelve months additional paid the debt.

That was fifty years ago. To-day Claus Spreckles is generally considered the foremost individual, in a business way, upon the Pacific Coast. His influence extends from Southern and Central California to the Hawaiian Islands, and he is recognized by the wealthy forces of the East as a formidable capitalist and operator in the entire stretch of country from the Pacific to the Missouri.

Most men have some sort of a birthright to their greatness. It may be nothing more than disappointed aspiration on the part of their parents. It may be only an inherited inclination to diligence. But it is almost always some sort of gift that is handed down from generation to generation and could not be arrived at in any other manner.

In the case of Claus Spreckels, the legacy was probably a capacity to appreciate the dignity of work. For the sugar king's father and mother, though toilers in the field, carried with them a sense of elevation above drudgery and an unwillingness to allow constant contact with the soil to suppress a chivalrous nobility, or to obliterate a natural grace and charm. It is said that the father, clinging tenaciously to his personal pride, always trudged along behind his plow, or behind the cattle as he drove them from pasture, with a tall, black plug hat on his large head that afforded quiet amusement to his neighbors.

The parents had come by their homestead as an ancient family inheritance. It was in the kingdom of Hanover, the region of the purest German, and in the village of Lamstedt. They were persons of large stature and robust health, but poorly schooled and meagerly provendered in the world's goods. When Claus was born in Lamstedt seventy-three years ago they had little to give him except a parent's devotion, a title to a life of hard work, and a meritorious character. He got a plain village school education,



The San Francisco Residence of Claus Spreckels.

learned good habits from home, found pleasure in being kind, and at fifteen years of age settled down to farming as a hired man.

It was not very much of a beginning for a man so notable as Mr. Spreckels has become. But it seems to have been enough to give him the right sort of a start. He says of it himself.

"I was very strong and energetic. I tried to do well whatever I had to do. The natural result was that my labor was in demand, and I got better wages than other boys."

He made steady progress for four years, saved his money, and then felt that he could do better. The plan he chose for doing better was the more or less common one of going to America.

It has not been unusual for foreign boys to land in the United States practically without money and without knowledge of the language. Nor has it been unusual for them to succeed and to succeed well. But Claus Spreckels seems to have been a little more swift and a little more thorough at it than others. That may have been because he was more venturesome, or it may have been because he was more careful in his methods, and therefore was more sure of himself.

latter property for a comparatively brief time when he had laid aside enough money to take himself and his wife on a visit to the old folks in the Fatherland. Then when business conditions looked rosy in California—seven years after the discovery of gold—he took the four thousand dollars which he had saved, crossed the continent, invested it in a brewery, made money in that, sold out his grocery store in Manhattan, and located for the balance of his life over 7,000 miles from his original home.

A business associate who has known Mr. Spreckels intimately for a great many years says one of the secrets of his subsequent progress is that he seldom had all his eggs in one basket; that he always tried to keep some cash on hand, and that he never went into anything until he was thoroughly ready for it, knew his ground and had built his forts.

California seemed to be the right place for a man of Mr. Spreckels' nature—for a man who liked to take advantage of all current opportunities. Operating a brewery was only a pastime to him. It was only something that other men could do, whereas Spreckels always possessed a sense of power superior to others. His

big frame and his bigger will made him feel that he could do anything big that he chose to do. He had been a subject of ridicule when he first landed in America. His business associates had called him "Red-face." But not only had he got beyond all that, but he had also reached the point where men of means were looking to him for leadership. He had undertaken the establishment of the brewery because there was money in it. It had become prosperous, and he looked around for something new that would have the element of strenuous effort in it, something that would try

his inventiveness, his resources, and his personal strength.

He hit upon the making of sugar. California was on the line of imports from the Hawaiian Islands. Spreckels saw that it had a position of advantage for the handling of



The Largest Beet Sugar Factory in the World.

This was built by the Spreckels' Sugar Co., near Salina, California. It consumes 4,000 tons of beets per day, of 24 hours, producing over 500 tons of sugar. This daily output loads a train of 25 cars.

His subsequent career would indicate that it was for other reasons. At any rate, he had hardly become successful in the conduct of his grocery store in South Carolina when he took advantage of an opportunity to buy a store in New York, and he had held the

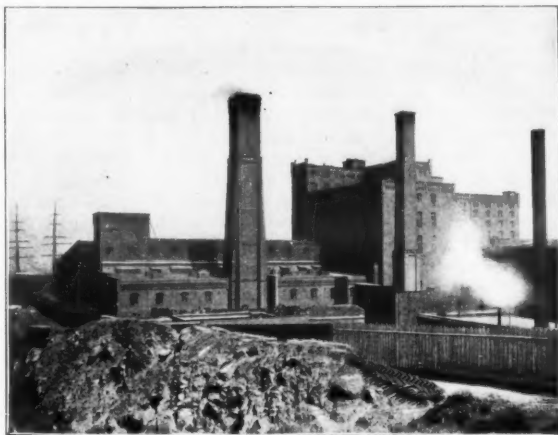
cane. He had only to apply his foresight and his prudence to put himself at once into the business which has since given him room to let out all the personality he had, and to become that "something and somebody" for which his youthful ambition sighed when he left Germany.

Mr. Spreckels was cautious enough to retain his interest in the paying brewery until the period of experiment in the making of sugar was passed. Then he let go the beer and the rye and went at the cane with Teutonic indomitableness. The undertaking appeared to him to be vast from the beginning—quite as vast as his dreams of America had been. He told his relatives that "some day they would see him erecting a big sugar refinery in the East that would surprise people." The relatives laughed at him. But they had laughed at him before, and he was used to it.

Backed by German thoroughness and impelled by the alertness and verve which his susceptible nature had acquired during his American residence, Mr. Spreckels went at the sugar business in a way to win. The story of his beginning is characteristic. He had concluded that there was money in sugar because he had friends in New York who made money in it. The opportunity to go into it came to him when he overheard some workmen in a San Francisco refinery discussing a great waste and loss in their institution caused by negligence. Some of the sugar syrup as it boiled up in the vats was allowed to run over the roof of the refinery. This was only a small thing, but it put an idea in Mr. Spreckels' mind—the same sort of an idea that made him think he could run the grocery business better than his South Carolina employer, and that therefore led him to buy the business. He determined at once that he could put up a rival refinery and by close attention and management improve upon his competitors.

Knowing that mastery of the details of an undertaking is the first requisite to success, Mr. Spreckels went to New York and became a workman in the refineries there. When he had learned what he needed to

know, he returned to California and organized the Bay Sugar Refinery Company—the real beginning of his vast fortune of to-day. The company prospered, but the men who were in it were not big enough for its chief promoter, and he presently went out in a



The California Sugar Refinery, Now Under Arrangements With the Sugar Trust, and Operated Under the Name of Western Sugar Refinery.

quarrel over questions of management. The Teuton makes him impatient of opposition. He went out unwillingly, but determinedly—in the same manner that he went out of numerous more important places in later years, only to assume an aggressive warfare that proved disastrous to his opponents.

With his first refinery venture thus thrown into other people's hands, he went with his family to Europe, and there entered into an exhaustive study of sugar that has since made him the undisputed master of the business in America. He even became a workman again, serving as an ordinary employee at Magdeburg. By 1867 he was again in the refinery business in California, operating, in connection with his brother, the institution which still exists to his honor, the California Sugar Refinery. For this institution he personally directed in New York the building of the machinery and afterward participated in the training of every employee as well as in the erecting of the buildings and the management of the finances. He began with a wooden structure, rather small, adapted strictly to the extent of the current operations; but within three years the building was enlarged four times, and at

the end of four years an immense brick building was put up, which, with a capacity to turn out 800 tons of sugar per day, still stands on the south bay shore of San Francisco—one of the most conspicuous manufacturing of the Pacific Coast.

The men who had driven Mr. Spreckels from the Bay Sugar Company soon found they had created a Tartar. The doughty German applied his great foresight and his close judgment to every phase of the sugar business. He not only operated upon more scientific manufacturing principles, but he reached out into the general field of competition and brought that within his control. At one time he shrewdly cornered all the sugar afloat and almost shut up the doors of his rivals by cutting off the raw supplies, all of which had always to be imported. He invented new processes which reduced the time of making of hard sugar from three weeks to twenty-four hours, and introduced into the American market for the first time the cube and crushed sugars of to-day. His competitors were helpless against his ability and his cunning, and they eventually had no alternative but to surrender.

The fight, however, went on for a long time—in fact, until, by another of the master strokes which had given him such ascendancy as he had gained up to that time, Mr. Spreckels went to the Hawaiian Islands and made himself the virtual owner of the sugarcane growing of the Pacific Ocean. This was in 1876, just after the completion of the first reciprocity treaty between Kalakaua and the United States, admitting Hawaiian sugar free of duty.

"I went to the islands for self-protection," says Mr. Spreckels, "and soon became the largest sugar raiser there." He went over the local situation scientifically, with an engineer, before entering into operations. But when he began work it was upon a large scale, forming the Hawaiian Commercial Company, with a paid-up capital of two million dollars.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate in speaking of the "advent of Spreckels" to the Hawaiian Islands says:

"After a refusal on the part of the Hawaiian Cabinet to grant a request of Mr. Spreckels for water privileges, he held a conference in the evening with King Kalakaua and another gentleman, with the result that the next morning the king requested the resignation of each member of the cabinet, and the following day a new cabinet

was appointed which granted Mr. Spreckels his desires."

Gradually the competitors in the local field gave way, and by 1888 Mr. Spreckels was the unquestioned sugar king of the Pacific Coast. But his triumphs in his own field served only to bring against his single hand the colossal power of the American Sugar Refineries Company, which has since become known as the Sugar Trust. This company viewed his lucrative business jealously and sought to absorb it. They offered Mr. Spreckels a million dollars for his interests. But Mr. Spreckels did not prove to be the man to be bought out of his independence for the sake of amalgamation with an institution even of such enormous wealth as the Sugar Trust, nor to be neglectful of the local welfare that was more or less dependent upon his personality. He said that so long as he had a dollar in the world he would keep his refinery running, and would never consent to turn into the street men who had faithfully served him, many of them for twenty and twenty-five years.

This was sentiment, and it probably did not seem to be good business to the managers of the trust. But it turned out to be better business for California than the trust or its associates could have intended. Competition was at once inaugurated. The trust attempted to coerce Mr. Spreckels. But it did not know him so well then as it does now.

For a while Mr. Spreckels was at a decided disadvantage, because of the enormous profits made by the trust on its business in the East and the consequent possibility of selling in California at a loss. But the disadvantage was quickly met. With his usual resourcefulness, Mr. Spreckels conceived the idea of carrying the war into the enemy's own territory. Against the strenuous advice and objections of his friends who predicted disaster if he attempted to fight the trust single-handed, he erected an enormous refinery at Philadelphia, which is the largest and most complete in the world, at a cost of five million dollars. Mr. Spreckels then fixed prices in all the Eastern markets of the trust, and so soon became such a thorn in its side that the trust made overtures for peace, and the terms finally agreed upon involved the purchase of the Philadelphia refinery by the trust and the uninterrupted operation of the California Sugar Refinery in San Francisco.

There was no doubt after this incident of Mr. Spreckels' sound and far-reaching power.

Nor was there any doubt as to the extent and solvency of his wealth. To fix himself finally in the control of the great sugar business of the West he had only to take hold and organize the beet sugar growing and refining industry. His entry into the industry has been described as its *renaissance* in California. In fact, from the erection of his first big factory dates the history of successful beet sugar making in the United States on a large scale. Mr. Spreckels now owns the largest single factory in the world. With a business of great magnitude secured beyond possibility of assault from without, and with a fortune at command for such further works as a restless and determined nature might demand, Mr. Spreckels began to appear as a direct participator in undertakings for the palpable benefit of the state in which he lived. He had always been a state patriot of the strongest kind, and his motive in refusing to yield to the trust had undoubtedly been partly for the interest of the state. Yet it was not until well on into the nineties that the general public commenced to know of him as a promoter of enterprises immediately concerning its interests.

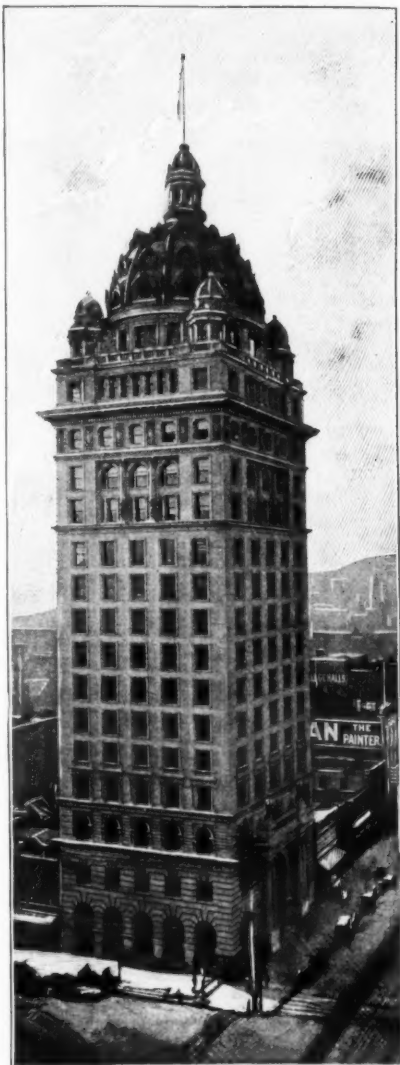
For a number of years California had been complaining of arbitrary practices on the part of the one railroad pene-

trating its territory, and frequent cries for a competing line had been raised. In 1895 the cries threatened to assume practical form. San Francisco merchants joined with those of the interior in an effort to build an independent road into the rich San Joaquin Valley. The proposal was costly, and the necessary money was slow in forth-

coming until Mr. Spreckels got at the thing. With characteristic decisiveness, Mr. Spreckels requested the promoters of the road to meet at his offices. There after a brief session of discussion he rose and said:

"Gentlemen, you talk a good deal. We will now see what you will do." Forthwith he signed his name for a subscription of five hundred thousand dollars, and called upon two of his sons to follow his example. Each of the sons signed for one hundred thousand dollars. In ten minutes one million dollars had been subscribed, and in the words of Mr. Spreckels, "the road was now bound to go, and nothing could stop it." Afterward Mr. Spreckels loaned the company a million dollars.

It had long been Mr. Spreckels' hobby to provide electric light service in San Francisco at low cost for small homes. He knew from personal experience in furnishing electric light and power for his own enterprises, that an exorbitant charge was being



The Claus Spreckels' Building, in San Francisco.

made for these public necessities by the local monopoly. Indifference to a just demand of Mr. Spreckels, and personal discourtesy shown to him by the company, was the match to the fuse. Straightway, as lately as in 1899, in the seventy-first year of his age, he organized a ten million dollar electric light and power company, and was soon tearing through the streets of the city to lay his substantial underground conduits in a manner that sharply suggested his way of tearing through all opposition to his purposes. He has now provided for San Francisco one of the finest and most complete electric lighting systems possessed by any municipality in the world.

The underground cables of the new company were to be laid in terra cotta conduits. A combination of the local terra cotta manufacturers complacently fixed a price a little below that at which the work could be done in the East and shipped out, although the combine itself would make a very unfair profit at the prices offered. Mr. Spreckels as complacently figured that he could build a factory himself for the amount of profits which the combine proposed to itself to make out of the contract and make his own conduits. San Francisco therefore now rejoices in an independent pottery as well as an independent electric light and power company.

Still further in line with the local patriotism and with the wide scope of the sugar king's conceptions was his founding, in conjunction with two of his sons, the well-known Oceanic Steamship Company, whose steamers are the pioneers in the travel to Australia, Hawaii and New Zealand, and who but recently have created the first steamship service from America to the charming lands of Tahiti. Also, as emphasizing the liberality and high nature of his conceptions is the beautiful Claus Spreckels Building, erected on the most valuable corner in San Francisco, and considered by architects to be the most perfect piece of business structure in the United States.

After a career of such broad activity and such stress, Mr. Spreckels is now going toward his fourth score of years, seemingly almost untouched by the unhappy consequences that usually ensue from so strenuous a life. He stands straight, broad-shouldered and strong—a bit leonine in his ruggedness, yet softened and kind as he was in his boyhood. His has been an iron constitution from the outset. Without the sheer capacity for physical endurance, and without

the boiler power of a good many ordinary men combined, he could never have stood the strain. He has never seemed to know fatigue. He has worked incessantly and at all hours, frequently laboring until one and two o'clock in the morning upon his affairs. He has always risen early—at six or six-thirty o'clock—and, as he says himself, has always "wanted to be at work and doing something." His deep chest and his full, round trunk carry a large head, firmly set, with a mouth that speaks resolution; open, blue eyes that look straight at one and betoken a warmth and constancy that have always prevailed in his home life, as they prevailed in the home life of his parents.

The first impression that a person gains upon meeting Mr. Spreckels is the idea of power, the second, which comes after a closer acquaintance with his life, is that of unceasing energy or desire to be doing, coupled with a dauntless ambition. Self-preservation with him must extend to the protection of and development of these original possessions of his nature, which must have full scope. That is, he must feel his power, have scope for his energies, and realize his ambitions. These are the most vital parts of himself, they must be preserved and grow to their full vigor, otherwise he has not realized himself. Opposition is to him, therefore, but the opportunity to use his power to beat it down. He seeks to employ no unfair means. He scorns to take under-handed methods. He does not stoop or burrow to accomplish his ends, but is open and fearless. He is fair and liberal himself, and if he thinks any unfair advantage is being taken by another, whoever is in the track of the storm had better reef sails and look out for squalls. Sometimes he is very hot-tempered and excitable, giving way to angry bursts of passion when opposed or crossed in his purposes.

He is essentially masculine in his nature. He is bold, original and creative. The predominant instinct in him is not the art instinct, or the literary instinct, or the scientific instinct. He is the active man of affairs, he is through and through the shrewd, successful business man. But he is also more than this. He is a man with a stern sense of justice, and a man of large human sympathies. He has a warm social side, and takes pleasure in his home and his club. He has had thirteen children, of whom only five are living, four sons and a daughter. His mansion has been built on a scale that is in harmony with his other actions. He is liberal

in his religious views, and possesses a rugged simplicity of character. He is big-hearted. He likes to see others get ahead as well as himself, provided they do not get in his way. He is benevolent, open-handed

renders an open-air passion at all seasons of the year. The mellowness as well as the dignity of the man's career is reflected in his own address at the dedicating of this structure:

"California has been for fifty years a State of the American Union, and I have been for nearly fifty years a citizen of California. I was among those who came in early manhood to take part in the development of the rich resources of this golden land and to lay the foundations upon which the fabric of her prosperity rests. Whatever may have been the experience of others, my labors in California have been abundantly rewarded. This has been no niggard land to me. I



and generous, and has very large sympathies for the working man and small consumers. He believes that he performs the greatest service to others by employing his capital in productive and helpful enterprises by which men have the opportunity to help themselves. But his public and private charities have also been many. He appreciates the value of art and music.

The crowning work of Mr. Spreckels' life fits well with the dignity of his elderly years. In the Golden Gate Park of San Francisco he has built a superb and costly piece of art to be used as a music stand, for the concerts which California's mild climate



Two Views of the Music Stand in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Presented to California by Claus Spreckels on the fiftieth anniversary of the State's admission to the Union.

have found its people as generous as the soil, and society here as rich in human virtues as are the mountains with gold. My experience has been that whosoever works in California with the honesty of a true industry, and meets the opportunities she offers with a fair degree of sagacity, will not fail to find an ample reward for all work of hand and head and heart. Moreover, that reward will not come in material things only, but in the thousand kindly and gracious acts by which true friends make this life worth living."



A HARBOR COURTSHIP

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

AMONG all the roaring noises of the engine-hold, black-browed Phelan worked as sullenly morose as the stoker of a Cardiff collier. Dull-eyed and silent, surly in the presence of other men, he plied about the thudding, steam-driven steel, guiding its strenuous movement as one leads a docile child. What cared he for company? To him the machine seemed animate and intelligent, the high-voiced clamor of the galloping throws and the low whisper of steam speaking a cogent language of their own. Day in and day out, hour after hour, he hung over the beckoning rods, darkly evil in his ways, avoided by all, and prone to violence and cruelty when opposed. Below him, in the inferno of the stoke-hold, slaved Teddy Burke, his fireman; and of all the men on earth, nature had designed no two more singularly unlike. One time a bursting boiler tube had wrecked the features of Burke, but no calamity however great could have destroyed his cheerful spirit. Deep set in his face, two merry blue eyes looked out upon the world, and with these cheerful lights, and a manner as lively as the blaze upon his furnace grates, he was a strange contrast to the sinister engineer. But there were times when even Burke was oppressed by Phelan's manner—times when the en-

gineer's mood turned ugly, and his face loomed down through the hatchway into the stoke-hold.

"I ain't exactly skeered," the fireman once explained, "but it makes me feel like a young 'un starin' into the dark."

Whatever the madness of the engineer, the owners saw fit to keep him at his post. In his way, he was valuable, for with him on guard there were no long bills for repairs, and every monthly coal charge was kept down to the inside level of thrift. Owens, the pilot, feared him, too, but Owens had met engineers enough in his time to know a good one when he saw him. So he took the chance that Phelan's madness at some odd time might run them all astray, and as three years had passed without a break or a disaster, the pilot had fairly forgotten his first misgivings.

"He's a rum un, though," he candidly admitted to the group of harbor men, swinging their heels over the string-piece, while their craft lay like leeches at the pier, the tanks filling for the night. "Lor', I've seen queer folk in my doin's, but bust me if the bloke don't run 'em all a heat to a hot finish. Why, what you think—if he don't talk up to them engines like as if they was folks, callin' 'em pretty names, and that jealous

of grit in a bearin' as a husband of a han some caller."

Below, they heard Phelan growling heavily, his wrench clanging on the metal as he tested bolt and pin. Owens nodded suggestively, while the others hearkened to the deep voice ringing in the engine-hold, and presently Teddy Burke slouched out of the house with a scowl on his usually placid brow.

"He's cussin' me," he complained, "jus' for knockin' me pipe out on his bally ole frames!"

The pilot grinned, while Burke swung up to the bulk head, and stood staring over into the park. But Burke's pique was short-lived; a smile illumined his face, and with a smirk around at the others, he slouched across the street over into the Battery Park beyond.

"Where you off to?" called Owens, swinging about; but the only answer returned was vague: "Oh, nowheres, cap." Owen watched him, smiling.

"It's his gal over there, like enough. Sure—there she is now, ole Benson's young 'un! Like enough, they'll hitch up sometime, but strikes me she ain't goin' much on looks to hook up to young Teddy, there. But who's to tell what the women'll do, and like enough Teddy's no worse than the best. Well, so long, fellers—here's where your unk pounds the pillar a few. Gee—ohr—well, so long—see you later"—and the pilot yawned himself away to his berth.

It was an hour later when Teddy Burke returned to find the engineer still prowling about the engine-hold, an oil can in one hand and a bunch of cotton waste in the other. He was mooning and muttering over his work when Burke entered, and arose scowling darkly when the fireman clattered down into the stoke-hold to haul over and bank the fires for the night. Burke was busy at this, his face glowing in the light from the open furnace door, when the sense of another presence aroused him. There at his back stood Phelan, with jaw hung out, and leering into his face.

"What's her name?" he demanded, abruptly, without preface. Burke stared in astonishment, dropping his bar with a resounding clatter upon the plates of the fire room floor. "Ay, what's her name?" the engineer repeated, grinning sardonically, as Burke turned again to his work, affecting an extreme interest in the fires already raked as clean as the gravel path of a seaside cottage.

"Who—a'r what're you gassin' about?" he replied, curtly.

"Her—that gal you was talkin' wit'. I seen her las' night. Who is she, now?"

"What for? You're a good sight currus, you are. Her name's Annie Benson, if you're that set to know, and may it do you a heap of good."

Phelan relaxed his hold. "Ole Benson's gal—him of the *Sallie Ryan*?" Burke nodded crossly, shut the furnaces with a vicious clang, and without further attention scuttled up the ladder, and left the engineer leering and muttering alone.

"Now, what the devil?" asked Burke of the pilot, recounting this adventure; "what the devil for did he want to know, anyhow?"

Long before Phelan had driven the engines of the *Sallie Ryan*, a blowsy, weather-beaten harborboat, as guiltless of fresh paint as any Portuguese tramp. Phelan, her engineer, and Benson, her pilot and half owner, had been thick as thieves for years, but one night there was wild uproar in the *Ryan's* pilot house. What it was all about was only dimly guessed. The tug hung at the flank of an in-bound China ship somewhere off the bar when the noise of the quarrel aroused her hands below. Benson, white and frenzied, was found pinned up against the wheel by Phelan, and screaming, while he tried to break away.

"Ye'll not bleed me no more!" he roared, his face purple with rage and exertion, while the others dragged Phelan from his throat. "Ye've had it all—I'll not stand for it longer!"

Phelan slouched below to the engine room, silent and sinister as ever, and no explanation was ever offered of the encounter in the pilot house. Benson, for a day, uttered wild threats against the engineer, but they were hushed suddenly the following afternoon when a squad of Treasury agents fell aboard the tug and searched her fore and aft. From this, it was dimly suspected that some trick of smuggling lay behind the affair, but what, no one really knew. Soon afterward, the engineer quitted the tug, and for weeks slouched up and down the front, out of a job, but in no hurry to get another. Then, one afternoon, he wandered into a South Brooklyn yard, where the *Gussie Gay*, just off the stocks, lay beside a machine works pier, taking aboard her assembled engines. He watched the men at work, returning day by day until the tug was complete, and then applied to the owners for the job, got it,

and was set down in the tug boat's engine room.

Midsummer had come. The *Gussie Gay*, her exhaust pipe hooting with exertion, worked at the side of a big excursion barge, bound through the Gate to a picnic grove up the Sound. Burke, for reasons best known to himself, was in even gayer spirits than usual, and had offset the somber tones of his grimy jumper with a flaring red handkerchief, knotted loosely about his throat. At odd moments he climbed to the deck, peering about eagerly, until Phelan, suddenly turning upon him, ordered him below.

At this instant, a girl's voice cried over the rail of the excursion barge, and the fireman, a flush of color beneath the grime and grease of his labors, started guiltily.

"Oh, it's that, is it?" sneered Phelan. He peered through the engine room door, and there was Annie Benson, her brow puckered in a little frown, gazing down upon the tug. Phelan leered at her with an assumption of bravery, and the girl, catching his ardent look, hastily withdrew, while the engineer, chuckling under his breath, returned to his post inside. But Burke found a chance, and Phelan, happening later to look out on deck, saw the fireman lounging on the rail and laughing and joking with his sweetheart.

"Below there!" he roared, and Burke, muttering with ill-concealed anger, shuffled below as ordered.

That night Phelan called the fireman into the engine room, where Burke found him busy rigging a tackle to the overhead beam.

"Lend a hand here," he ordered. "Something's wrong with the cylinder. Eh—what's that? How should I know till I look to find out? Ready there, now."

Burke strung the hook of the block through the eyebolt on the cylinder head, and stood by till the engineer had wrung

the nuts off the heavy bolts. This accomplished, Phelan threw down his wrench, and stood wiping his fingers on a roll of cotton waste. Again, his jaw hung out, and there was a sharp gleam in his narrow eyes.

"Nice girl—that o' yourn," he vouchsafed suddenly. "Now, if a feller was thinkin' of hitchin' up to a woman, he couldn't do no better'n take up wit' the like o' her—hey?"

Burke looked at him, and grinned in a non-committal way.

"What say?" the engineer cried, sharply, staring into his eyes.

"I didn't say nawthin'," Burke responded.

"Well—ain't ye goin' to git married along o' her—hey?"

The fireman nodded indifferently, and turned to straighten out the block and tackle.

"Ye are, eh? Oh, ye are, are ye?" He fell silent after this, but Burke, though his own head was lowered, was conscious that the engineer was glowering at him in the dim engine room. He looked around to find Phelan menacingly fingering a wrench, and at this, the engineer stood up, and grasped the tackle with a hurried hand.

"Ye'll swing her free," he commanded, when he and Burke had raised the cylinder

head from the encircling bolts. His eyes were glittering like a hunted cat's, and his shoulders shuddered strangely. Burke wondered what ailed him, but presently, in the labor of clearing the heavy cylinder head, forgot to attend to these doings, while Phelan, with a turn of the line about the engine frame, leaned back against the bulkhead, watching the stooping fireman.

"What's wrong inside the cylinder?" he cried, suddenly. Burke, who was leaning over to examine the inner surfaces of the shining metal, started at the hoarse voice. He sprang back, and at this instant the cylinder head, with a clanging crash, fell, striking the heavy metal beneath it. Burke



"'Her—that gal you was talkin' wit'."

had withdrawn his head just in time. An instant's delay would have been fatal, for the ponderous bulk of falling metal would have crushed his life out as a weasel dies in a dead fall. With starting eyes, he stared a moment at the fallen cylinder head, then sharply at the engineer leaning against the bulk-head and breathing heavily.

"Ho!" Phelan croaked with assumed congratulation. "It's good ye're that spry. The line jus' slipped from my hand, and away she went. Close shave for ye, Teddy—hey?"

Burke bit his lip, and said nothing. He rearranged the block upon the eye of the cylinder head, and disregarding Phelan's proffered aid, hoisted away at the heavy weight. When he had cleared it anew from the cylinder, he belayed the rope to the engine frame, knotted the blight with exaggerated care, and stamped out on deck, his face set and pale. There was still plenty of work for two, but Phelan did not call him back, and late at night the engineer still toiled at the machine, his eyes glittering with unusual excitement. Owens, the pilot, sat silent with thought when the fireman told the story.

"It was as near like a trap as I ever see," Burke protested. "My God! a man's life isn't safe with the madman. Sure, I can't stand it much longer."

A few nights later Phelan marched ashore just in time to accost Annie Benson, who had come across the ferry to see young Burke. She was making her way along the edge of the crowd gathered to listen to a hand hammering out the popular airs in the circle above the Barge Office. The engineer, elbowing his way through the assembly, saw

her and drove nearer with a lurking grin on his black face. Annie, in vain, tried to avoid him.

"Hello, pretty," he murmured, ranging alongside, "how's yer pa doin' these days, and does he ever ask after me?"



"For yer ole father's sake, Annie."

"My father!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, I didn't know he ever heard tell of you."

"Sure, we was ole friends. Jus' tell him that I was sayin' he'd a mighty han'some gal, and I'll be over to see him about it soon."

He accompanied this with another smirk that set the girl flushing to her ears.

"I'll thank you," she cried, indignantly,

"to mind your own affairs! I'll tell him no such thing."

She hurried away, and was still trembling from the encounter when Burke joined her. The fireman listened, and again his placid good nature deserted him.

"I'll break his head for him," he growled, his breath coming swiftly while he clenched his fists. But Annie pleaded that he would do no such thing, and finally he gave his promise to seek no encounter with the engineer.

Phelan, though rebuffed, was as good as his word. Annie Benson, returning home late an evening afterward found him coming down the steps.

"Evenin', my dear," he said, lightly. "Ah—now don't be cross."

For the sake of peace for Teddy Burke, the girl tried to be polite, and Phelan accepted this as an evidence of growing favor. He leered at her again from under his half-closed eyelids, stopping her way on the stair, until Annie's terror left her hanging trembling to the rail.

"I've seen yer pa, Annie, and he's willin'. Ye know I've got a bit set away in the bank, and ye'll have fine clothes, and a house of yer own, me dear. Now—now, don't think me a bit hasty, me gal, for ye'll seek far and find no better man for a mate. Don't you—"

"How dare you talk to me like that!" Annie stamped her foot on the stair, anger overcoming her fear. "I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth, if that's what you're meanin'. Let me pass, Dan Phelan, or I'll tell some one that'll make you wish to forget this night. Let me pass, d'you hear?"

She pushed her way by, while Phelan's face was convulsed with emotion. Indoors, she came to the verge of tears, but before she could seek even this relief, a fresh shock met her. In the back room sat her father, his lips blue as the pennant of a pilot boat, and the cold sweat pouring from his brow.

In vain Annie sought an explanation. He pleaded a passing illness and asked for a drink. Annie brought it, and as she stood before the quivering man a sudden inspiration told her the reason for all this.

"It was Dan Phelan!" she exclaimed, convinced.

The old man started at the name. He threw a searching glance at the girl, drained the drink, and raised himself in his chair, striving to assume a smiling countenance.

"Oh—no, no, not old Danny Phelan—my child, no. Danny's jus' been over to talk over ole times—ole times, my gal. Not Danny Phelan at all, dear."

Then he fell to trembling again, arousing from this to tell Annie that Phelan had done the honor to ask for her hand in marriage.

"Ye'll be good to him, Annie—ah, now, for yer ole father's sake. He's money set by, and would make ye a handsome wife, wit' fine dresses and all that. Ye'll listen to him—come, now, won't ye?"

It was plain to the girl's eager eye that something lay under all this pleading. After a moment's silence, she told her father of Teddy Burke, who he already knew had the girl's promise. Benson gasped again, and sank back in his chair.

"For yer ole father's sake, Annie."

"No," she said, softly, "not even for your sake, dad, could I marry that man. You'd best know now that I won't. I'll do all else in the world, father, but not that," and here she fell to sobbing on his shoulder.

A night afterward the *Gussie Gay* swung into the dock to fill her tanks and found the *Sallie Ryan* lying alongside the bulkhead. Owens ran in beside the *Ryan*, and tied up to her bitts. Presently Benson, who had been watching out of his darkened pilot house, crawled down the companion way. He shuffled over the rail of the other boat and walked aft into engine room.

Phelan still at his work, turned and growled: "It's *Mister Benson*; is it?"

"I've told her," said Benson tremulously, "and it's no use. Don't ye see yer drivin' me desprit?"

Burke, who was arranging the funnel draft the other side of the bulkhead, overheard Benson's feverish protest and halted in astonishment. Then Phelan's voice cut in harshly: "Yer sayin' she won't, and why not? Is it because of *him*? Well, I'll see that he's attended to. I've set my eye on that gal o' yourn, Jim Benson, and ye know me—hey?"

The engine room door banged, and Burke, in fear of being caught eavesdropping, scuttled down the ladder to the stoke-hold, where he fell busily at work with a drawbar. That some devilry was afoot, he was certain, but until, again and again, he had run over the words he had listened to, he could find no answer to his wondering. Then a sudden recollection inspired the answer—it was Annie. Cold with horror, he reflected upon the situation, and when he had recovered

himself, the *Sallie Ryan* was drawing out of the dock, and Phelan had quit for the night and gone ashore. Then with deckhands, Burke strung the shore hose to the tanks. The other men were eager to get away to a night's rollicking along the Front, but the fireman was in no mood for this sort of diversion. He bade them be on their way and he would care for the boat, Owens having already turned in. When they had clambered ashore, Burke lounged back on the forward bitts, and sat there blankly thinking until all the tanks were full. Then he jumped down to shut off the water cocks, and after seeing all was safe and sound aboard the boat, turned into his berth in the after cabin.

It was long after midnight when Burke rolled over in his bunk. As his mind dimly wandered into wakefulness he had an indefinable sense of something wrong. But, heavy with languor, he again closed his eyes, when a whispering murmur below, a steady, softly pulsing sound, brought him springing to his elbows. He listened, wide awake; then leaped to the deck and flung open the door.

The tug was rocking sluggishly on the swell from the open river. As she bore over each time on her beam, she hung there, laggard, righting with a lurch, and sounding down again on the other side. At a glance, Burke saw that the tide was almost flush with her decks, while still the steady whispering murmur sounded in her hold. He ran forward, threw open the engine room door, and peering down through the grates, found that the hold was awash. The water slapping to and fro, its surface leaden with oil from the engines, and the tug in imminent peril of foundering. Forward, he heard a stream gushing into the hold, and suspecting that she had sprung a leak, sprang back to the deck, and ran shouting to the pilot house.

"Owens! Owens. Up—up—up! The tug's sinkin'!"

He dragged the pilot, dazed and stupid from his berth, and shook him into wakefulness. Together, they scrambled to the pier, their shouts arousing the harbor police in the shed beyond. Both were beside themselves, crying vainly for aid for the tug, and

as Burke crawled along the string-piece, his hand fell upon the shore hose stretching below to the deck of the *Gussie Gay*. It was throbbing with the power of a full head of water, and exclaiming in astonishment, Burke paused and stared at it.

"It's here," he yelled. "Some one's turned on the cock."

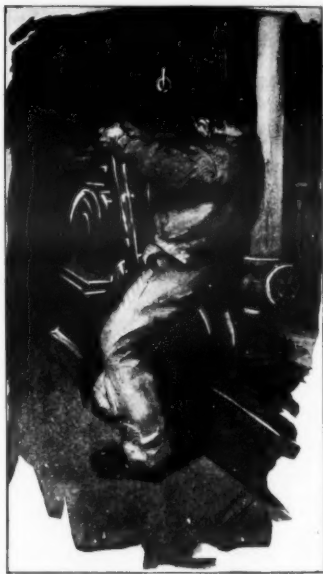
His frantic fingers, awkward from excitement and haste, wrenched at the valve wheel, and, by dint of heavy exertion, shut off the pipe. At this the gushing water ceased its murmur in the hold and the peril had passed. Burke, wiping the sweat from his eyes, sat down on the string-piece and gasped. His mind struggled to reassert its calmness, but it was many minutes

before he could collect his thoughts.

"Who left that cock open?" demanded Owens. The fireman shook his head. He had assured himself, after long and painful debate, that this was no fault of his, though at first he half believed that in the confusion of his mind he had turned in with the water still flowing into the tanks. But how could it have happened? He was still deeply thinking, gazing ruefully at the water-logged boat in the light of the rising dawn, when a hoarse voice hailed them from the bulkhead. It was Phelan. The engineer was looking about with searching eyes, scanning the decks, and wandering furtively up and down the bulkhead.

"We've nigh gone under," Owens answered to the hail. "Ye'd best get aboard here, and lend a hand."

Phelan clambered down to the tug. He looked about for a moment, and shot a sharp look at the pilot. "Any one gone—drowned?" Burke heard him demand.



"... throwing all his weight into the effort to reverse his engines."

"No; Teddy Burke heard the water and waked me in time. It was a close call, though."

There was a moment's pause, Phelan, his eyes bloodshot and glittering, fixing the pilot with a look of meaning. "He knows all about it, I'll bet," he cried, innuendo in his manner and tone.

Burke, his smouldering wrath inflamed at the suggestion, rushed up the deck and confronted him. "Ye'll take back them words, Danny Phelan, or ye'll settle this now. I've stood this till patience's dead, and I'll take no—"

"Fair words—fair words there, me boy!" interrupted Owens, stepping between them. "I'm master o' this here tug, and what I says, goes. I'll trouble ye to hold yer mouth shut, Dan Phelan, and there'll be no fighting aboard."

He grappled Burke, who, red-faced and furious, strove to break away. But before the encounter came, Phelan was rubbing his hands together, suave and insinuating, and offering apology for words he said, that had been spoken without sober second thought.

"I was that angry for me engines, ye'll know," he implored. "What wit' thinkin' o' them and the like, I was clean forgettin' the meanin' o' the words. Ye'll shake hands now and be friends."

"I'll not," Burke answered, doggedly, wrenching himself from the pilot and retreating aft, while Phelan, with a spasm of rage distorting his face, glared at his departing back.

"Like enough," Owens suggested, amiably, "like enough there's no great harm done the machines, and—"

"Divvil take the engines; I greased 'em well for—"

He cut himself short, and swept a swift and guilty glance at the pilot. Then he bore away to the engine room, while the gathering deckhands, returning to their work, started the pumps to free the hold of water. It took two days to set the tug to rights, and on the night of the second day a strange story was carried by gossip along the front. A tug boat, rounding into a slip where they were cleaning the *Gussie Gay* after her misadventure, hailed Owens, the pilot.

"Hey, Benny," the other boat's master called across the dock, "heard the news? Ole Benson's missin'. Ain't turned up on his tug sinst two days ago."

"Sho! Ye don't tell!" exclaimed Owens, with a long whistle. Burke, just coming on deck, heard the man's words, and springing

to the pier, ran around to the other boat. Five minutes later he had gathered all the details, and, coatless, was running toward the ferry. Phelan roared after him to come back, but Burke gave no heed. He boarded the ferry, and once on the other side began running again. In the front room he found Annie, her eyes red from weeping, poring over a mis-written, blotted letter she had read for perhaps the fiftieth time. The news was true—old Benson had fled. "I'll not stay behind to have you see your old father die of disgrace in the jail," he had written. He had left behind all but enough to pay the way of his flight, and vainly his girl sought some explanation for his unaccountable act. Burke knew that Phelan was the cause.

"There's one thing to be done, and that first, Annie. Ye'll step over to the priest wit' me, till we're made man and wife. After that, we'll go after the old man. We'll find him safe sure, if we get there time enough to keep him from shippin' on some rotten cattle ship. Come along, now!"

She protested weakly, but the man was stronger. They were married, and it was a strange wedding indeed. The fireman escorted Annie across the ferry, she protesting that the banns had not been cried for their marriage. But Burke assured her that he would fix that, for he knew the priest, and a few minutes later, he ushered her into the mission on State street.

"It's very irregular," the good priest muttered after he had blessed them, when the bride and bridegroom found themselves in the street. Here they parted, Annie to return home, Burke to seek his tug.

"And where have ye been?" demanded Owens, meeting the fireman as he clambered over the rail.

"Me? Oh, gettin' married, that's all." He said this with all the nonchalance he could muster, but the next moment laughed loudly at the stupor on the pilot's face. Owen's mouth opened wider in astonishment when he had heard the whole tale.

"Well, I'm blowed, Teddy Burke, but ye're the worst!"

He stamped about the deck, exclaiming at every step, and returning to clap the fireman on the back with rough congratulation. "Ho—below there!" he cried, pounding on the engine room door. "Below there—Phelan!" Burke scowled and pulled him by the arm. "No, not him, cap'n; there's like to be trouble if ye do." But the warning was too late; Phelan had heard. He lolled

out on deck, a wrench in one hand, and surly as usual. "What's up?" he asked.

"Nothin'." This from Burke, who was eyeing the engineer savagely. "Nothin' to tell ye, Danny Phelan!"

But the pilot was too garrulous to hold his tongue. "Nothin'—my eye! Hey, Phelan, he skipped out—sneaked off wit'out a coat, and in them overalls has been hitched. D'ye catch—he's a bloomin' husband! Oh, my eye!"

Phelan stared heavily at the two, comprehending in no way what had happened. He snarled an inquiry at the pilot, fingering the wrench with trembling fingers. Owens told the story anew. Phelan's manner changed;

room. The pilot, dumbfounded, stared after him, and reflectively whistled as he turned to climb aloft to the wheel. Burke saw him go with misgiving, and was on the point of calling him back; but changed his mind while the words were on his lip, and making his way aft, returned to his post in the stoke-hold. Here he found that the hands had started the fires during his absence, and a look at the gauges showed that the boilers had already set up a full head of steam. With no other work before him, he trimmed the blazing coal, tried the cocks and set the draught, and in the midst of this the gong toned in the engine room. The sound started him thinking anew of Phelan's deviltry, and



"It was Owens."

a glow of rage burned about his ears. He gasped hoarsely, gripping the wrench with fingers that whitened at the pressure.

"Was it—who—" he stammered, his voice thick with contending emotions.

"Blast me if I know! It was that sudden-like. What's her name, Teddy, or was ye that hasty ye didn't have time to ask? Out wit' it!"

"Yes—out wit' it," rasped Phelan.

"It was her—ye know who?" Burke answered, with harsh inflection, and a look of bitterness for the engineer. "It was—why, it was Annie Benson, o' course."

Phelan bared his teeth, his face abominable with hate. He lifted the wrench, paused, and turning swiftly, darted into the engine

room. he was wondering what effect the man's frenzy would have in his work, when, with a sigh of relief, he heard the engines turning over in answer to the signal.

They droned out of the dock. Phelan swaying like a drunken man at the levers. His ear was bent to the machinery, listening to its humming stride. Somehow, to his disordered mind, it seemed filled with strange, new voices, for grit, perhaps, had washed into the bearings when the hold filled with water. He hearkened attentively, peering down into the web of beating rods and bars, and discord struck again within the orchestration of the flying engine.

"What's ailin' you, too?" he demanded, savagely, striking the cylinder with his open

hand. "Ah-r, ye're all alike. A curse on ye all!"

He shook his fist down into the vortex of striving steel, but the gong, striking again, distracted his attention, and, checking the steam, he drove along at half speed.

"Ye're mad at Phelan, too!" the engineer wailed aloud, and the gritty bearings, grinding, growled in answer. "Ah-r—I see it!"

He bent forward, his hands outstretched as if in pleading, and unconsciously leaned against the throttle, thrusting it wide open. At this fresh inrush of steam, the engines leaped ahead. Affrighted, Phelan fell back, crying out in fear. For a moment, he watched the pistons striking fiercely, one hand on his throat. "What?" he whispered. "Would ye do that?"

Quivering with terror, he stared at the linkhead that was nodding and swaying as if in animate suggestion. Owens, alarmed at the sudden leaping of the engines, cried down sharply through the tube to learn why he had sent them ahead without a proper signal; but Phelan gave no answer. He was swaying before the thundering machine, softly beseeching.

"I hear you! I hear you!" he whispered. "Don't—don't!"

He knelt down on the grating to peer into the mesh of heaving metal, and again the bearings growled a menacing note. Some semblance of discretion returned to him, however, when the bell overhead once more struck sharply. He laid his hand upon the lever, but the next instant fell back with a sweat of fear upon his brow.

"Ye'll be good—ye'll be good," he besought the inanimate power. With unsteady hand he shut off the steam till she ran under half way again. At this, the quivering of the machinery set the reversing lever beating pendulously upon its quadrant, and seeing it, his tremor returned. With a wrench, he tightened the lever's handscrew until it bit into the metal, thus fixing it hard and fast. Preoccupied in the work, he paid no attention to the gong when it struck anew, nor to Owens screaming down the speaking tube at his shoulder. By this time they were off the Rips abreast of Castle William, and short ahead was a trundling railroad flat laden with freight cars. She needed room, and Owens knew it, and already the tug that was maneuvering the heavy barge had whistled to cross their bows. Still under full headway—Phelan below unresponding—the *Gussie Gay* had cut down into their path, and Owens, all excite-

ment, rang for full speed astern. The gong banged resolutely, beating a double stroke upon the engineer's brain, and arousing him to action. He shut off steam, grasped the lever and throwing all his weight into the effort, strove to bear it over on the quadrant, in order to reverse his engines.

"Uhr!" he grunted. The lever, with its handscrew turned hard and fast, was immovable. He struggled desperately, the bell rang the signal anew, strong and sharply, and Phelan still fought at the handbar.

"Phelan—Danny—Danny!" Owens frantically screamed down the tube, "set her back—for your life—hustle!"

His voice arose to a shriek, and at the echo Burke was climbing to the deck. He had heard the gong banging without response in the engine's tread, and the cry assured him of danger. A patter of footsteps sounded on deck, and a loud voice roared an alarm; there was a wild yell from the tow ahead. Phelan still wrestled with the reversing gear, his mouth foaming.

A crash, a rending of timbers, a babel of screams and malediction. The dark hulk of the railroad flat launched itself upon the *Gussie Gay*, and relentlessly bore her under. As Burke sprang upon the deck, the planking sloped from under him, and he leaped, gripping the guard rail along the other's deck. Dark figures scrambled to safety up and down the barge's side; a roar underneath his feet told that the tug had foundered. Following this, there were other cries, and dimly he saw the barge hands heaving a line to some one struggling in the water. It was Owens. He had been swept from the upper deck, and engulfed in the maelstrom of the sinking boat. They hauled him aboard, gagging and sputtering, partly from the brine he had gulped, but more from his rage. Alongside the barge, a few odds and ends of wreckage—a life raft, a door burst from its fastenings, bits of splintered wood—floated about in the foaming current. Owens, stamping with mad wrath, pushed his way into the knot of rescued men.

"Where's that engineer—you, Danny Phelan! Where is he?"

He peered about, searching in the dark for the man. There was no answer. "Where is he, I say?" Owens roared the question into the others' ears. He hurled a curse upon them, pushing them about in his search. Then silence fell suddenly upon the pilot. His jaw fell, and he gaped around. There was no engineer. Phelan had sunk with the *Gussie Gay*.



The Langen Hanging Railway.
For five miles the cars run above the Wupper River.

THE LANGEN HANGING RAILWAY

BY D. ALLEN WILLEY

IF a volume is ever compiled of the table-talk of the Emperor William, an incident of his recent visit to Barmen and Elberfeld will most probably be included in it.

It was at a dinner given by the two cities after the ceremonies which His Majesty had favored with his imperial presence. When the toasts were drunk, the toastmaster noticed that the Emperor had no more than sipped his huge beaker.

"Drink it dry, if it please Your Majesty," suggested the toastmaster, deferentially.

"Yes, of course, drink it dry," chimed in the other guests with whole-souled German hospitality.

"I fear, gentlemen," said the Emperor, "that if I were to follow your kind advice you would have to carry me downstairs."

"It is impossible that such a thing could happen to Your Majesty," the toastmaster quickly answered with a courtly compliment in his air that provoked the applause of the assemblage.

"Nevertheless, I think I had better not," the Emperor returned finally.

Doubtless in future biographies of the Emperor this episode will have more space than the object of William's visit to Barmen, which is the interest of people now living.

His Majesty went to Barmen to patronize

the opening of a hall of fame, founded on lines similar to our own, and to witness the practical operation of the Langen one-rail hanging railway.

Now, Mr. Eugene Langen is not a poor inventor on the brink of a fortune because his invention has proved a success. He was a sugar manufacturer, and he decided several years ago to connect his sugar works in the valley of the Wupper River with the great industrial centers of Barmen and Elberfeld. He began with the purpose of building an electric surface road. But the country is so uneven that he found the cost would be enormous. Besides, everybody objected to the building of such a road on account of the danger at grade crossings.

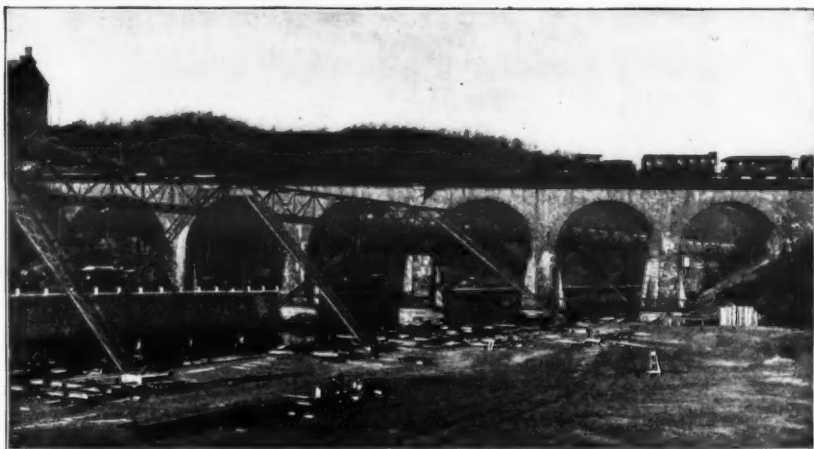
"If we cannot run cars up and down the hills," said the sugar maker, after a prolonged spell of thinking, "why not try to run cars above them?"

After two years of experiments and consultations with electrical engineers, he decided to try the plan which has resulted in the system now in practical operation. Unhappily Mr. Langen died before his invention got beyond the experimental stage. But his ideas were carried to success by the engineering firms that had been building under his instruction. The road is a trifle over eight miles in length. Along five miles the line lies above the Wup-

per River. The remaining three miles follow the country road to Vohwinkel. The company thus economized on the heavy expense that usually confronts the railroad builder when he has to buy up private land. The road cost \$50 a foot to build, including sta-

steel, and the entire structure weighs from 785 to 850 pounds to each foot of the road.

The A's and U's are riveted to girders one hundred feet in length, which form the superstructure that holds the rail. In shape the superstructure resembles the overhead street



A Study in Contrasts.

Showing three methods of transportation: by steam, by electricity and by canal.

tions, all erections and equipment. The total cost was \$2,400,000.

The supporting framework of the road looks upside down in the city thoroughfares where it has the form of the letter U reversed. This is to save space. Over the river the supports look like the letter A minus the cross section. All the metal is

crossings on many American railroads. At intervals of 900 feet on the straight lines, and at all the curves, the braces are of double strength in order to overcome the expansion and the contraction of the metal caused by the weather and also to hold the superstructure more rigidly. Looking at a train from the street, it seems to be hang-



The Hanging Railway Along the Main Thoroughfare of Vohwinkel.

ing bottom upward. The wheels roll above instead of beneath the cars, and the underside of each looks much like the top of an American day coach. The machinery which we are accustomed to see beneath an electric car is located upon the top, and a remarkable fact is that the wheels roll along a single rail instead of two. Mono or one-rail railways have been constructed before, but the cars have always been above and kept from falling over or leaving the rail by wooden or metal beams which formed a cradle or channel through which they ran. On the Barmen line the cars, as will be seen, have no lateral supports whatever. Steel castings curved like huge hooks are

To each truck are fastened two wheels, one behind the other, the electric motor being placed outside and between the wheels. It operates by what is known as direct connection, and the electrical current is carried through it by means of a trough or shoe which slides along a smaller rail charged from the power house. The motors are of thirty-six horse power, consequently each car is operated by seventy-two horse power, and a speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour can be maintained without difficulty, although the cars weigh nearly as much as the passenger cars on steam railroads. Their capacity is for sixty passengers each, and the interiors are divided into first-class, sec-



Along the Bank of the Wupper River.

bolted to the upper framework of the car and connect it with the motor trucks on the rail. The center of the car is balanced directly beneath the propelling wheels, which form the only support for the hook connections. The tires of the wheels are grooved or hollowed out to a depth of about an inch, so that they grip the rail as a window pulley holds the sash cord. They work upon the same principle as the tape reel which the carpenter carries. The weight of the car acts as so much ballast in holding the wheels on the rail, and the grooves prevent them from slipping off, although to the observer it appears as if a car might break away from its fastenings and fall at any time, so fragile seems the support.

ond-class and smoking compartments. Incandescent lamps furnish illumination, while electric heaters warm the occupants in winter.

Inside, the cars resemble the ordinary coach with aisles in the center and plush-lined seats on either side. The passenger buys his ticket, hands it to the gatekeeper and steps from a platform level with that of the car. When the train starts it seems as if he were on a steamer getting underway, except that there is no clanging of gongs or jingling of bells. The rumbling and rattling common to travel on a steam railroad is absent. The feeling is as if he were sailing through the air, for beneath him the houses, factories, people and other objects appear to be mov-

ing silently but rapidly backward. This is the only indication that the train has started, except a slight swinging motion which is increased when going around the curves, of which the road has a number. Those troubled with dyspepsia are liable to become "sea-sick," but they should be willing to suffer this inconvenience on account of the novelty of the ride.

In the operation of the Langen Suspended Railway, as it is termed, trains are made up of two and of four cars. Along the road are eighteen stations. The trip from one terminus to another is made in less than a half

Some engineers who have examined the road call it a "mechanical monstrosity," and say another will never be built like it. Others believe that it offers a solution of the problem of rapid transit in large cities where space is too valuable for building surface railways. They argue that such a line built to operate "up town" trains along one street and "down town" trains along an adjacent thoroughfare could be operated without difficulty in the heart of New York or London at a safe speed of fifty or seventy-five miles an hour, depending merely upon the size of the motors. The danger of a car



The Hanging Railway as Seen From the Street.

hour, as an average speed can be attained, including stops, of nineteen miles an hour. The superstructure is made unusually heavy, as the system is double track, or rather double rail, consequently no "head end" collisions can occur. To avoid any other accidents, an automatic block system is in use by which the motorman is notified whenever another car is within 500 feet in front of his car. As soon as this distance is exceeded a signal is shown allowing him to go ahead full speed, if desired. In addition to this precaution, each car is fitted with an American airbrake, also with an auxiliary electric brake.

becoming derailed is less where it is suspended from one rail than when it is above the ordinary track. The danger of top heaviness is also entirely eliminated. The theory has also been advanced that the Langen system could be applied to an ordinary elevated railway, one set of trains to be operated on an ordinary track by the third rail or trolley system and another set below the track, but supported by the same structure, using the Langen system. So it is possible we may yet see not only an upside down but also a two-story mode of transportation in the world's great cities.

THE HUMAN BINDING

BY HARVEY SUTHERLAND

IT is a favorite simile with educators that each human life is a volume whose pages are blank at birth, but are written upon more and more as the years pass. How careful ought we to be then, that, etc. The psychologist instantly ruffles up at this and questions in how far it may be truly said that those pages are blank at birth. Better not debate with him. He has too much to say. So has the moralist, who tells us what might, could, would or should be written in that volume. It will be a good deal for most of us if we know all there is to be known about the binding of this volume. "What, the skin?" I fancy I hear some one say, "What is there about the skin that would interest anybody except, maybe, a doctor?"

Well, in the first place, I consider the human binding to be about the most important part of the volume. It is the organ of mind, more truly so than is the brain, just as the telephone system is all the telephones that are connected together, and not merely the exchange or central office. The skin covers the whole exterior and interior surface of the body. All sensations are directly referable to it. Now, thought is, when you get right down to it, nothing but sensation and its reflex. The Cartesian proposition, which some believe to be fundamental to everything we know, is this: "I think, therefore I am." Therefore also is the universe, because we sense it as outside of us. But, if you come to look into it, all we are sure of is that we feel. By the skin alone we become cognizant of ourselves and of what is about us. The hardness of candy is determined by the teeth, which are not bony structures, but modifications of the epithelium, the thin, papery cover to the skin. So are the finger nails and the hair. Psychologists are now wrangling over the point whether we are afraid because our skin gets goose-fleshy and wet with perspiration, and the muscles all of a tremble because of the sudden cold that comes from the moistened surface; or whether our mind perceives that there is danger. I do not know, but I can see how much the binding of the human volume has to do with what is

written in it at that moment, and I can also get some hint that the pages are not absolutely blank at the beginning of each individual life, for it seems to me that long, long ages ago, when the animal man had fur on him, instead of the delicate, useless fuzz or *lanugo* that now covers his body, it was of very great use to him in a moment of peril to have that fur stand up so that the attacking beast could not get a firm grip with its fangs; it was of great use to him that he should sweat profusely and suddenly so as to become what we call "a slippery customer to handle," and the shivering must have helped him to wiggle out of a tight place more than once. It always seems to me kind of pitiful that the skin should keep up its old tricks now, so many thousand years after they have ceased to be of any practical use, but, come to think of it, there are times in every one's life when he is brought face to face with perils no less elemental than those the most primitive man confronted. All this is psychology, and I shall have to let it alone, for the characteristic of psychology is that the more you talk about it the less you know, and the American people have no time to fool away on things that get them no forwarder.

When they get it all settled among themselves what mind is and how it works, we shall be glad to hear from them, but in the meantime let us go on and learn what we can about other things. But you mark now if they don't wind up with concluding that the skin has a lot more to do with thinking than the brain.

But even if this does not turn out to be the case, the skin has so many other duties that it is perfectly amazing to think of them. It is an organ of respiration like the lungs. Its products are exactly the same, carbonic acid gas and water. The difference is in the proportion. The skin throws off nearly twice as much as the lungs, or in the proportion of nine to five. This is what kills off the savages so rapidly that have had the gospel light. The missionaries put clothes on them and that stifles the breathing of the skin. The lungs have two-thirds more work than

they are accustomed to do and break down under the strain. There are plenty of recorded cases where persons with pulmonary complaints have attained perfect, rude health with one lung gone by getting off to some wild region and going about clad in the garment of space only. There are several sanitariums in Austria where the patients take this treatment and get well of every ill that was ever heard of. That the skin is an organ of respiration can be proved by putting an animal into a box so that its head protrudes into the fresh air. Then fill the box with sulphuretted hydrogen, or any other suffocating gas, and the animal will smother, even though it can breathe pure air. Better not say anything to the S. P. C. A. about it, though. They prefer to smother animals themselves, and they are a little touchy about such things.

The skin is also an organ of absorption. Man is not so far removed from those animals that swim in their nourishment and take their meals through their pores that he has wholly lost the trick of it. I have not been able to find any recorded experiments of men bathing in soup and coming out with the fine, comfortable feeling that one has after dining well; but it is well known that shipwrecked sailors relieve their thirst by soaking their clothing in the salt water that they dare not drink. A man after coming out of a hot bath will find that he has lost a pound or two of the weight he had when he stepped into it. But in a couple of hours, though he neither eat nor drink in the meantime he will regain his weight. His skin has absorbed the missing fluid from the air. Professor Khrjonshtchewsky, of Kiev—queer kind of name, that, isn't it? Makes you think you've got a toothbrush bristle in your throat—Professor Khetc., of Kiev injected ferro-cyanide of potassium into the veins of animals and then soaked 'em in a bath of lactate of iron. In two hours the blood vessels of their skins were beautifully blue from the dye resulting from the reaction of the two chemicals. I have often thought how handy that would be for any one that had an invitation to a fancy ball and wanted to go as Prince Indigo, or else the Man Blown Up in a Powder Mill. There would be no trouble about the make-up coming off when one got warm from dancing.

That the skin is intimately connected with the lungs is proved by the fact that our minor ills of the respiratory tract—colds, for instance—are almost always traceable to a checking of the perspiration so that the

impurities of the blood poison us. Everybody knows the story about the little boy that was covered with goldleaf as a cherub for some Roman pomp, and how he died in agony a few hours afterward. The poisons manufactured by his own organisms slew him, to say nothing of his suffocation. Burns involving more than one-third of the general surface are fatal because the excretory powers of the skin are lessened beyond the abilities of the other depuratory organs to make up for. Varnish an animal and it will die in from six to twelve hours, say some authorities. This incontrovertible fact is matched by another equally incontrovertible, that nobody ever heard of any case of tarring-and-feathering that killed the victim. He might have had all kinds of trouble in getting the stuff off, and he might have felt a certain shock to his pride, but he didn't die that anybody ever heard of. I never assisted at a ceremony of this kind at either end of the joke, and so I cannot speak as to the completeness with which the body is covered with the tar, but from my general knowledge of the character of the people of the West and Southwest, where such sports are freely indulged in, I should say that it would most likely be a thorough and comprehensive pigmentation. It may be that the man breathes through the quills of the feathers stuck on, but I doubt it. I should think tar would seal up the pores of the skin quite as effectually as varnish, and it is a paint warranted to wear in all weathers and not to crack or scale off. I went swimming once with a lot of boys when I was young, and there was a tar kettle right by the swimming hole. Well, sir, it was three weeks before—— But perhaps we need not go into all that now.

It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the palm of the hand excretes four and a half times as much proportionately to the surface as the skin of the back. The pores in the ridges of the palm number as many as 3,000 to the square inch. They are scarcest on the back where they are only 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the external of the body. They run straight down into the deepest structure of the skin, and there they kink up and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down wet. Enclosed in this knot are

little veins that leak the perspiration through the walls of the tube, and it wells up to the surface of the skin. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands aggregating twenty-eight miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty-eight miles if all those tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end! These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best medical authority. They are the figures of men who have given their lives to the study of this subject. But still, if they seem too large to you, there is just as good medical authority for the statement that there are 2,400,000 sweat glands on the human body, each one-fifteenth of an inch long, and that their aggregate length is two miles and a half! Think of it! Two miles and a half! If you object to that, too, I have the very best authority for the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine miles, or I can figure it for you at seven miles or twelve miles. Take your pick. Our motto is: "We aim to please." If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority.

I find only one figure, however, for the amount of liquid secreted by the skin of an average person in a year, though it is evident that the quantity must vary greatly according as the person works in an icehouse or rides a bicycle up-hill. From the average person in a year's time there oozes through the pores of the skin 1,500 pounds of water. Let us see: "A pint's a pound the world around," two pints make one quart, four quarts one gallon— Oh, well, you cipher it out for yourself. I never was much of a hand at figures.

The skin, being a secretory organ, all the fluids that promote the processes of life are within its province. But to consider them would be practically writing a treatise on physiology, so I shall have to stick to what we commonly think of as the skin. Most of its secretion is an oily substance that keeps the epithelium and the hairs soft and pliable. The sebaceous glands always open into a hair tube. With the exception of a few spots like the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, the eyelids, and the first joints of the fingers, man is a furry animal. He is covered with a little short fuzz called *lanugo*. It is called that because it is much more elegant to use Latin words where English will do just as well. There are three other kinds of hair, the hair of the head, the

hair of the beard and the hair of the eyebrows and eyelashes. Not to know as much as that is to be ignorant indeed, and I recommend to all my readers that they commit this classification to memory, not alone for the great truth it contains, but for the mental training they will get from learning it by heart.

It is a popular notion, sedulously fostered by the barbers who get an extra fee for singeing, that the hair is a tube, and that when it is cut off it bleeds, and the natural vitality of it dribbles out into the atmosphere. I think people have often been shown the hollowness of hairs when they have looked at them through a microscope. If you can overcome your conviction that all this world affords is hollow and unsubstantial and are able to understand that most people looking through a microscope can see exactly what they are told they will see, you will be pleased to hear that the human hair is a solid bundle of epithelial cells, the inner ones being rather more loosely packed like pith. Gray hairs have air bubbles in their outer layers. Blonde hair is the finest and most thickly set. Black hair is less so, and red hair is the coarsest and most sparsely planted. The human hair is not a perfect cylinder and the flatter it is the more natural curl it has, and being affected by dampness the more it kinks up. The hair grows six or seven inches in a year, but the reason why a woman's hair is not five feet longer to-day than it was ten years ago is that each person seems to have a definite normal length beyond which the hair refuses to grow even if you put on the very best lotion you can buy for a dollar a bottle. When a hair thinks it is about long enough it drops out and you find it stuck fast on the soap-dish or the stationary washbowl, wriggling with delight at your efforts to pick it off with your wet fingers.

It does not discourage a hair to be plucked out by the roots, as ladies who have a tendency to grow mustaches will bear me out. It simply gets angry and comes in again coarser than ever. That is because what keeps the hair going is something that cannot very well be got at from the surface of the skin. It is a little papilla 1-180 of an inch long away down at the bottom of the hair tube. Nothing that can be dabbed on the skin can get down there either to harm or help it. The only way to remove such hair is to make up your mind to spend money and to have an unpleasant time. Go to a physician and let him kill the growth of

each hair with an electric needle. I hope you will enjoy yourself. It is like tattooing in its sensations. There have been some ladies that have removed mustaches from their lips—I mean their own mustaches—by taking a needle and heating it in the flame of a lamp and thrusting it into each individual hair gland and so killing the papillæ. They get it red hot, you know, and they also get tiny particles of lamp black on the needle, and it leaves a delicate tattooing effect that is very striking. I don't know why it is that I want to laugh about this, because you know it is not a bit funny to the girl to have her lip hurt so and then find out that in taking away the mustache that she might have shaved off every day, she has left an artificial mustache that nothing can remove. It is really a serious matter, but I always want to laugh just the same.

In some diseases of the scalp such as *favus* it is necessary to pluck out the hairs in order to get at the skin, and it is on record that one little girl had to have 70,000 of them pulled out by the roots before she got well. As there are only about 120,000 in the whole scalp, and this was only one little patch, it is easy to see that plucking out a hair does not mean the ultimate extinction of hair on that spot.

Beard appears to grow at the same rate and to follow the same rules of personal conduct as the hair of the head. So if a man began shaving when he was sixteen and lives to be seventy years old, he will have cut more than a little bit off the top. If he could keep in position all he has thrown away, a head of hair thirty-five feet long and beard twenty-seven feet long, all in one bunch, would enable him to travel with a circus summers and sit in a store window to advertise a hair restorer in the winter. I don't know but he could get into the United States Senate, although I hear that they don't run so much to whiskers there now as they did a while ago.

From all I can learn, there is no use of a boy of sixteen sending away his pocket money to buy stuff that will make the beard grow in a hurry. I was always too short of cash in those days to invest, and so had to struggle along the best way I could with my father's razor on the sly. I could have kept the secret longer if the strop had not begun to get so many curious little slanting slashes in it because I could tell them that the cat had scratched my face, but even the cat could not hone the razor the wrong way. I remember, too, that I was told that if I

never used lather my beard would come nice and silky, but I didn't want it that way. I wanted it like wires so that I would know for sure that I was a grown man, and then half the fun of shaving is dabbing the lather on. I guess now it is the cutting of the beard that makes it coarse, and I believe that it is all humbug about putting stuff on to make it grow in a hurry.

Finger nails and toe nails, being merely flattened growths of the same kind of cells that the hairs are made of, increase in about the same way, though their rate of progress has not been so carefully studied. Some say that the finger nails grow at the rate of one-thirtieth of an inch a week. Bean estimates that it takes twenty weeks to restore a thumb nail, and ninety-six weeks to restore a toe nail. I don't believe that. Once when I was about sixteen, and had even less sense than most boys of that age, I bought a pair of boots too short for me. I wore them, though they hurt like sixty, and the first thing I knew the nails of my great toes came off. Well, I know that it didn't take any ninety-six weeks to make them good as new. Why, ninety-six weeks is two years, lacking not quite two months. Don't tell me.

There have been cases where people that were stung by a bee on the first joint of the finger at the root of the nail have had the nail grow crooked and disfigured for a long time afterward. These epithelial cells which form the outer scarf skin and are modified to make the hair, teeth and nails, to say nothing of the cornea of the eye, have no blood vessels and few filaments of nerves. They serve to keep the sensations caused by the Not-Me from becoming too poignant to the Me. On the fingers and on the palm of the hand the lines of the pores form whorls and look absolutely different in every human being. Galton has written a large book (much too large, in fact) to show the value of finger prints as a means of identification. I never could see why the palmists instead of humbugging with the creases in the palm, which indicate no more than the habitual manner of folding the hand, should not get up a scheme of telling fortunes and reading character by the whorls and loops on the fingers which are absolutely characteristic of each individual. They could not go any further astray than they do, and they might come nearer. I had an expert palmist tell me once that I was a carpenter by trade and a very orderly person. As a matter of fact, I can't drive a nail straight and my desk

looks like it had been stirred up with a stick.

Important as are all these various functions of the skin, it seems to me that its work of supplying general information to the man inside and of doing the most of his thinking for him is by far the most important. It is probable that the hairs that stand up on the hand have a lot to do with informing us of a lot of things that we do not ordinarily trace to them. The tactile sensibility of the skin is most acute on the tip of the third finger and the end of the tongue. With the eyes closed the points of a pair of compasses may be perceived to be two when they are only one-twenty-fourth of an inch apart. It is duller on the skin of the thigh and forearm, where they may be separated two and a half inches before they are perceived as two. The tactile sense and the sense of temperature are by no means the same, for the parts of the cuticle that are most keenly susceptible to heat and cold are tolerably dull to distinguish objects by touch. A paralyzed limb insensible to pressure is very much alive to hot water. The sensation of heat is always more intense when the surface exposed to it is greater. One may put the tip of his forefinger in hot water that he could not possibly endure his whole hand in. This is often strikingly exemplified when somebody in the family wants to break up a cold. The pail of mustard water which seemed only comfortably warm to mother's finger makes father jerk his foot out with a wide splash and a wild whoop of: "Ow! Lord a mighty! I didn't want to scald the hide off!"

The smallest difference in temperature that can be perceived by the skin in health is one and one-half degrees. Some people would call it sultry if they were exposed to a temperature of ninety degrees, but Drs. Blagden and Banks report a case where 260 degrees were endured for eight minutes; Tillet mentions a girl that stayed seven minutes in an oven at 324.5 degrees; Sir F. Chantry tolerated 350 degrees in an oven where molds were drying, and Chabert, the Fire King, is said to have stood as high a temperature as 600 degrees. The optimum, that is to say, the most favorable surface temperature is from 92.8 degrees to 94.6 Fahrenheit. The clothed portions of the body are always between 93.5 and 94.5 degrees. Under highly unfavorable circumstances, the surface temperature never sinks below 88.9, and when the temperature of

the hands goes below 77 degrees Fahrenheit it becomes painful.

The skin is thickest on the back and thinnest on the eyelids. Most of us have the different layers pretty well connected together, but elastic-skinned men that have no such connection are not unheard of. One Spaniard is said to have been able to draw out his skin twelve inches in any direction. This may seem like stretching it a little, but as usual with all such yarns there is the best medical authority for it.

In my earthly pilgrimage through this vale of tears I have found nothing so comforting as to be able to point out to my fellowmen that most of the things they are sure of are all nonsense. I am confident that this pleasure must be a thing of beauty because it is a joy forever. I don't care what the subject is, if you only go deep enough into its study you can always discover that the popular notion of it is wholly wrong. It is an unshaken article of belief with most people that skin diseases are almost always catching; that they show that the sufferers themselves or their parents are no better than they should be; that they indicate that "the blood is bad," that you must be careful or you will "drive it in," and the patient will die, if nothing more, and that a boil is worth \$5 in doctors' bills saved. They are all wrong, teetotally wrong on the very best medical authority. Not more than two or three of the hundred or so skin diseases catalogued are catching, and the chances are that the eruption is as innocent and as innocuous as a cold. If there is such a thing as "bad blood" medicine has not found it out. Next to nothing is known in regard to the condition of blood in disease. Chemical and microscopical study has utterly failed to show that there is any difference between the blood in health and the blood in cutaneous disorders. Certain of them are symptomatic of nervous breakdown, and imperfect digestion causes others. Tomatoes, bananas, strawberries, shellfish and other articles of diet, harmless to most of us, cause a rash to break out on others. Evidently the medical profession does not fear "driving the disease in," for the treatment for cutaneous affections is now wholly local. A boil is an acute inflammation of the tissues surrounding a hair-follicle, and is due to some infection of the follicle by a germ, generally the *staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*. I thought you might like to know the name. Boils come upon the just and the unjust, on those who have good blood and

those who have bad blood. What forms inside the tormenting thing is not the strained-out impurities of the blood, for pus does not exist in the blood. It is of local formation. A boil is not worth five cents, let alone five dollars. It is just what your untutored imagination says it is, a confounded nuisance. If anybody owed me \$5 and could either pay it in cash or in boils, whichever I preferred, I should take the cash every time, even at a discount. I think I should get more comfort that way.

In the old physiologies that we studied at school, when we were little, on one of the advertising fly leaves in the back of the book was a picture of a boy in long pants with his hair parted on one side and roached up in the middle. He held one arm bent stiffly at the elbow pointing upward. With

the other he called attention to the carpet while he solemnly avowed: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." He was not alluding to the artist's work on him, though that fully justified his remark, but to the marvelous construction of the human body. Well, sir, it's even so. It is astonishing how well old Dame Nature has made out with the material she had. The arrangements of bones and muscles and nerve tissues are certainly ingenious, if the evolutionists will let us use that phrase, but I take notice when she wanted to get out something particularly meritorious she made it out of raw hide, thus verifying the old adage, "there's nothing like leather." The volume of human life may contain fascinating reading, but to my mind the birthing is the best part of the book.

A STROLLING SINGER

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

He sang along the woodland paths
When all the world was warm and gay,
The birds half mocked him overhead,
The shadows cooled his greenlit way.

The earth was sweet with growing things,
The vintage promised full and fair;
And one with eyes like larkspur buds,
And garnered sunshine in her hair

Stood watching by the ilex trees,
A glow, a welcome, in her eyes.
He sank, too tired, at her feet
And smiled through wistful little sighs.

"Dear love," he said, "I cannot live,
I shall not see the morrow's sun,
But I am fortunate to die
While yet my loving is not done.

"And weep no foolish tears for me,
But when the vines with gold are hung—
Think, 'Life was very good to him
For he had lived, and loved, and sung.'"



"There were rumors of ill-feeling between Ripley and Brundage on account of the fascinating Mrs. Haskell."

THE ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS CARTER

BY CHARLES WESTBROOK

III.—THE MYSTERIOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

THE Chief of detectives was talking to half a dozen reporters, and at the same time was exchanging a dress coat for one of dark blue, which was not part of a uniform, though suggestive of it.

"I don't know any more about this case than you do," he was saying. "I'd been to a theatre, and was eating supper afterwards, when I got word of it. The report that came to me was that a man named Prescott Carroll had been arrested for the murder of Oliver Brundage—'Ollie' Brundage; you all know him."

The reporters nodded. The name and fame of Ollie Brundage were quite familiar to them. He was a young man of good family, a bachelor and clubman, who managed to move in the highest society without any visible means of support. They also knew Carroll, who had gone out of journalism into literature eight or ten years before, and had won a certain measure of recognition.

"The arrest was made by a patrolman and Detective Hines of my staff," continued the Chief. "It seems that Carroll knocked Brundage down with a sandclub or something of that kind, and was going through his pockets. It was on West Seventy-eighth Street, near Berkeley Avenue, just opposite the new church. The prisoner was taken to the precinct station house, but I sent word to have him brought down here. Brundage's body is at the station now. That's all I know."

The reporters exchanged glances. Then one of them asked: "What's this about a millionaire's pocket-book being found in Carroll's pocket?"

"I heard a rumor to that effect," said the Chief; "but I'm not prepared to answer any questions."

"Isn't it a fact," queried one of the reporters, "that there have been a good many hold-ups in the neighborhood, and that

your man Hines was up there on that account?"

"There have been some wild stories in the newspapers," the Chief began, but checked himself as he perceived a sergeant entering by a door upon the left. The sergeant executed a sort of military salute, and departed without having opened his mouth.

"You boys will have to get out of here now," said the Chief. "I'll see you later."

The reporters filed out like so many pall bearers. Every one of them looked at his watch, though there was a clock in plain sight on the wall. It was half-past one in the morning, and minutes were precious.

No one remained in the room except the Chief and a man in a dark gray suit who sat against the wall opposite the door where the sergeant had appeared.

"You know him, Carter, don't you?" asked the Chief.

"Three years ago," replied the detective, "I knew him as a brilliant and promising fellow; but he passed out of my sight."

"Writer, eh? I've read one of his stories. It was good, too. Why the devil should he have done this thing?"

Carter answered only with a gesture. The Chief glanced quickly toward the door; then, leaning forward in his chair, with his right elbow on the desk and his open hand against the side of his face, he waited in the shadow.

The brim of Carter's hat was nearly level with his eyes, and as the principal source of light was a cluster of lamps against the wall and almost directly over his head, his countenance was scarcely visible.

The door at the left swung open, and two officers appeared with the prisoner between them. They paused an instant, so that the man seemed to come alone into the white glare of light and the oppressive silence.

He was tall and of a strong frame, but excessively thin. He had wavy, dark-brown hair, a high forehead painfully wrinkled above the bridge of the nose; pale blue eyes, with that faded look one sees in the eyes of tired women; a light mustache, and a well-moulded but rather weak chin, with a dimple in it. He wore a shabby black overcoat above what seemed to be expensive and fashionable evening dress.

Carter, who remembered Prescott Carroll as he had been, was shocked at the change in him. He seemed to have lived a dozen years between twenty-nine and thirty-two.

There was a straight-backed wooden chair, which, standing alone in the middle of the

big and bare room, had a singular effect of isolation. Carroll looked at it, perceived that it was for him, and sat down with a shudder.

At that moment Hines, the headquarters man who had assisted in the arrest, appeared at the door. The Chief beckoned to him, and he came forward; while Carter, crossing the room, whispered to one of the policemen who immediately went out.

"Well?" said the Chief, addressing Hines.

"At ten minutes past twelve," responded the officer, "I was going west along Seventy-eighth Street toward Berkeley Avenue. There is an apartment house on the southeast corner, with an alley behind it which runs half-way down the block and then turns to the avenue. There's an iron fence with a gate on each end.

"Close by this fence, where there isn't much light, I saw this man stooping over a body that lay on the sidewalk. I ran up, and at the same time Patrolman Bruce came from the direction of the avenue. We had the man between us, and when he saw that he surrendered. He seemed to be dazed, and we couldn't get him to say anything to us.

"I recognized the man on the ground as Oliver Brundage. He was alive then, but unconscious. He died before the ambulance came. There was no weapon. Brundage was killed by striking his head in falling. We had the body taken to the station house, and took this man there. He talked to himself on the way. He said, 'Don't worry; don't worry. I'll be all right. It's the best thing that could have happened.' He admitted having killed Brundage, but that is all we could get out of him."

The Chief turned to Carroll and asked him whether he had anything to say, warning him, in accordance with the law, that whatever he said could be used against him on the trial.

He remained silent for perhaps half a minute, during which interval Hines laid upon the Chief's desk a package containing all that had been taken from the prisoner when he was searched at the station house.

"Denial is useless," said Carroll at last. "I was taken in the act."

His manner was indefinitely strange. If one may attempt description, it was more like an invalid's than a criminal's. This man of cultured mind and delicately sensitive nature seemed to feel neither remorse nor shame. There was evidence of considerable anxiety, but this state was repeat-

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edly interrupted by involuntary outbursts of reassurance, almost of satisfaction.

"What was your motive?" asked the Chief.

"Robbery!" replied the prisoner, cheerfully. "I was driven to it by poverty."

The Chief looked hastily at Carter, who returned the glance meaningly. Both men perceived that the prisoner's answer was a lie, and that it covered a mystery. This case which, on a casual view seemed so clear, being the arrest of a highway robber beside the body of his victim, became at once to

ows had closed around her. Carroll had beggared himself with doctors; he had become a borrower under the pressure of a need that could not be postponed. His friends had turned from him, and some of them, for the sake of the spite that grows out of money, had raised up other enemies when their own power to injure him had seemed inadequate.

Meanwhile, his strength had declined, and his imagination, too much occupied with images of his own increasing sorrow, had ceased to suggest the pictures which his art



"Carter, who remembered Prescott Carroll as he had been, was shocked at the change in him."

these experienced men a problem for close and rigid investigation.

"I thought you were successful in your profession," said the Chief.

"I might have been," was the reply, "but I had bad luck and many burdens. There were people dependent upon me. I never worry about myself. I suppose nobody does. It was about others."

He became excited as he spoke, and his self-control slipped away. It was obvious that he did not mean to tell his story, but that it told itself, just as the first words he had uttered in that room had overridden his will.

It appeared that he had been married five years before, and that his wife had almost immediately begun to lose her sight, as the result of a malady rare and little understood. Gradually, with that steady deliberation which nature commands, and human torturers vainly strive to imitate, the shad-

required. His earnings had decreased as his needs grew. He had labored under that enormous disadvantage of visible misfortune; he had become the lame wolf which the pack rends.

Throughout the latter part of this wretched period his sister and his brother's widow with two children had been dependent upon him. His wife, at last, had gone to a private hospital where the charges were excessive and the benefits few.

The wonder was that the man had not gone mad laboring with a brain so clogged with miserable thoughts. Yet he did not seem to be insane, though surely on the brink of it.

Neither Carter nor the Chief interrupted Carroll's recital which he himself finally broke off with an exclamation of despair.

"You see I can't help telling this," he said; "though, upon my soul, I did not mean to do it."

The Chief glanced at Carter, and touched his forehead, unperceived by Carroll. The detective made a negative sign.

"Let us see what we have here," said the Chief, opening the packet which Hines had brought.

It contained a few trifles separately wrapped up, because they were obviously the prisoner's, and the things that he was supposed to have taken from Brundage. The latter consisted of a handkerchief, some letters, a cigarette case, a card case, and several keys. Another handkerchief—a woman's—and small coin to the value of sixty-four cents were marked as having been found in Brundage's pockets by the police.

"Then you got no money at all?" said the Chief.

"I got a pocket-book," replied Carroll, with hesitation.

"Do you mean to say that you got this from Brundage?" demanded the Chief, holding up the wallet.

"Certainly," answered Carroll, but he did not meet the eye of the questioner.

"Do you know whose pocket-book it is?"

"They told me at the station house," said Carroll, faintly, "that it was Stanton Ripley's."

Stanton Ripley was a young man about town, possessed of great wealth, and a barnful of wild oats. The pocket-book bore his initials, and the crest of his family in gold and enamel. It was a plain, light Russia leather book, of the sort that folds in the middle with one large compartment on each side. Carter received it from the Chief's hand, and discovered that it contained \$3,010.00—one \$1,000 bill; four of \$500 and two of \$5, all new.

"They found this in the prisoner's coat-tail pocket," said the Chief. "Were you aware," he continued, addressing Carroll, "that this was in Brundage's possession when you attacked him?"

Carroll pondered upon this question.

"I couldn't know that," he said at last, in a faint voice.

Carter observed that he had taken hold of the sides of his chair, as if to keep from falling out of it, and that a bluish pallor had overspread his face.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the detective, kindly.

"Could I have something to eat?" said the prisoner, in an embarrassed tone. "Of course, if it's too much trouble——"

"I have already sent out for some supper for you," replied Carter, looking closely at

him. "It occurred to me that you might like it. I wonder it hasn't come before this."

Carroll expressed his gratitude, and while he was doing so, a policeman entered with several packages. The detective drew up a small table, and set forth a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread, at sight of which the prisoner's eyes shone. Behind him the policeman was opening a box from which he took a steak and potatoes on a wooden plate, and a knife and fork. He held up the knife, and looked inquiringly at Carter, who nodded; and the utensils were laid upon the table.

The prisoner ate well. Many times he spoke aloud in praise of the food, clearly not meaning to do so, for he always checked himself with shame.

"Now," he said at last, "I feel first-rate. My God!"

The exclamation came suddenly. Carroll half rose, and then sank back. He passed his hand across his forehead which had become wet in an instant.

"My wife and my sisters!" he cried. "How shall I tell them?"

"I am afraid that the newspapers will anticipate you, unless you telegraph," said Carter.

He took a pad of blanks and a pencil from the Chief's desk, and laid them before Carroll, who, after many attempts, wrote this message:

"Be prepared for very bad news; yet all for the best. Don't try to understand. Don't come here. Will send money."

He puzzled a long time over the last sentence, but finally let it stand. The message was addressed to his sister, Miss Hilda Carroll, in a small town in Massachusetts. At the bottom he wrote a request to repeat the telegram to his wife, in care of the physician in charge of the hospital where she then was.

Carter gave the telegram, with money for its transmission, to one of the policemen who went out with it immediately. The Chief meanwhile was answering a call upon the telephone that stood on his desk. He received a long report, at the close of which he ordered that the prisoner should be taken into an adjoining room.

"Nick," he said, as soon as they were alone, "I've just got word from the man who was sent to Ripley's rooms when the pocket-book was found upon Carroll. Ripley has just come home with a bad wound in the head. He seems to have been wandering

around the streets, dazed, for quite a long time. He was at the Metropolitan Club until about eleven o'clock, when he started out for a walk. On Fifth Avenue, alongside the park, about Sixty-third Street, he saw a man step out from behind a tree. As he turned to face the fellow, he got a rap on the left side of the head, and the next thing he remembers, he was on the other side of the park way up by Eighty-first Street, and it was more than two hours later.

"Where he had been in the meantime he doesn't know. His pocket-book was gone, and his watch. Nothing else was taken. He says he probably could not identify his assailant, though the man looked familiar. He knew Carroll very well; they were in college together. He lent him some money, a year or more ago; then they had a falling-out, and he hasn't seen Carroll since. He doesn't think it was Carroll who assaulted him. What do you make out of this?"

"Well, it seems somewhat extraordinary," said the detective, "that a man on the verge of starvation should not have used one of those five-dollar bills to buy a meal. It occurs to me that we haven't found Ripley's watch; and I am also puzzled to know why a man who had made a haul of \$3,000 should take the desperate chance of assaulting Brundage, who is well known never to have any money."

"Perhaps Carroll didn't know him," suggested the Chief.

"It's as bad one way as another," replied the detective. "He wouldn't have risked \$3,000 and his liberty on the chance of what might be in a stranger's pockets. However, we might ask him about it."

Carroll was brought back into the room, and was informed of what had been learned about Ripley. He made a strong effort to cover his emotions, but Carter was of the opinion that, for some mysterious reason, the prisoner was not only surprised but pleased.

"It is true," he said. "I did not take the pocket-book from Brundage. I took it from Ripley."

"Where?" demanded the Chief, who had

not mentioned the place designated by Ripley.

"In Central Park," was the reply. "I followed him from the club."

At this point the prisoner showed his first disinclination to answer questions; yet he consented to hear a few from Carter, and this exchange resulted:

"Were you acquainted with Brundage?"



"The detective called upon Stanton Ripley at his rooms, . . . the most luxurious bachelor apartments in New York."

"I knew him by sight and by reputation."

"When did you first see him this evening?"

"When he turned out of the avenue into Seventy-eighth Street."

"Did you recognize him?"

"Yes."

"Did you speak to him before attacking him?"

"No."

"Where did you get that dress suit?"

"Ripley gave it to me, a year and a half ago, when he got me to go to a dinner at a club."

"Do you mean that he bought it for you?"

"No; it was his. He had just had it

made. It was one of his freaks to give it to me."

"What is that stain?"

It was a reddish mark as if from a blow with a rusty iron bar, and it extended across the back of the overcoat about the waist line. The garment was lying on a chair. Carroll looked at the stain with mild surprise, and said he did not know what it was.

"Your dress coat was torn in the struggle with Brundage, I suppose," said the detective, indicating a ripped seam at the back of the left shoulder, and some further damage, here and there.

Carroll nodded.

"You had your overcoat on when you were arrested, didn't you?"

"Yes; I just slipped it on, after the—*the struggle.*"

"Why didn't you run through the alley when you saw the officers coming?"

"I didn't know there was any gate in the fence," replied the prisoner.

This closed the examination, and Carroll was consigned to a cell.

"It is a singular coincidence," said the detective, "that I happen to be very familiar with the spot where this arrest was made. I waited there some hours, on a recent evening. The gate in the fence could not be overlooked by any one, and just within it there is a rusty iron bar extending from the gatepost to the side of the house. From the appearance of the mark on Carroll's coat I should say that he had leaned against that bar. I came very near doing it myself. So Carroll had a neat way of escape, and did not take it."

The Chief drummed with his fingers upon his desk, and gently whistled a little tune.

"For a case that opens with a confession," said he, at last, "this is a beautiful muddle. To begin with, the man is such a purposeless liar—"

"I would hardly say that," rejoined Carter. "He knows what he is about. A liar he certainly is—one of the most perverse and incalculable that I ever encountered—but his statements help to clear the view. Obviously, he is willing to say anything which will tend to show that he attacked Brundage for the purpose of robbing him."

"Now, of course this crime was not robbery, though Carroll tried to give that color to it, and on a hasty inspiration, too, or he would not have committed the absurdity of taking the man's handkerchief, to say nothing about this rubbish of cigarette and card cases."

"You mean that he killed Brundage for some other reason?" asked the Chief.

"Did you observe the weather?" rejoined Carter, with a smile. "It has been snowing a little, and the pavements are a mess. Carroll's coat shows a considerable struggle, and by all the evidence, the two men must have fallen to the ground, one gripping the other's throat. It was then that Brundage's head struck the projection of the iron fence, but the assailant could not immediately have known the result. Without doubt, they rolled there together in the dirt. Yet there isn't a mark on Carroll's knees."

"That's so, but the elbow and left sleeve of his coat are soiled: not the overcoat; he'd taken that off."

"It is all very singular," said the detective. "I am being gradually led toward a remarkable conclusion; but I am not ready to talk about it yet. I suggest that we put the whole thing off till to-morrow."

"The case is in your hands," said the Chief.

On the following day the detective called upon Stanton Ripley at his rooms, which have sometimes been mentioned in print as the most luxurious bachelor apartments in New York. Ripley was under a doctor's care, but had almost ceased to require it. He had a contusion on the left side of his head behind the ear; but was suffering principally from mental strain, the result of his adventure of the previous night.

It was necessary to avoid exciting him, and the detective proceeded with the utmost caution. Ripley declared positively that his assailant was not Carroll; and after an hour of shrewd questioning, he admitted his belief that it was Brundage. Then he seemed to regret having made the statement, and he concluded by asserting his ignorance of the highwayman's identity.

It became necessary, therefore, to trace Brundage's movements on the previous evening, and this proved to be easy. From nine o'clock until a few minutes before his death, Brundage had been in the apartments of a young widow, a Mrs. Haskell, who lived with her mother and sister in that building on Berkeley Avenue, behind which ran the alley that has been referred to. There had been three other guests, a man and two women, and Brundage had put them into a cab just before going to meet his fate. It had undoubtedly been his intention to walk across to his home, which was on Central Park, West.

This negated any idea that Carroll could

have found Ripley's pocket-book in Brundage's pocket. But where had he obtained it, since Ripley was sure that he was not the robber? And what motive could have induced Carroll to play his singular part in this affair?

A study of the locality could not fail to raise the presumption that Carroll had been lying in wait for Brundage. The spot was well chosen. Yet Carroll was unknown to the Haskells, and could hardly have had any means of knowing where Brundage would spend the evening. Indeed, all the evidence that Carter could collect seemed to show that Carroll and Brundage had no common interest, and no possible ground for animosity.

There were rumors of ill-feeling between Ripley and Brundage on account of the fascinating Mrs. Haskell, at whose home both were frequent visitors; but even upon the wild supposition that Ripley had been sufficiently jealous to employ Carroll as his bravo, he would hardly have paid him with his watch and pocket-book. Nor would Carroll have collected his price with the aid of a sand-club.

The newspapers saw in Carroll a mysterious highwayman. They exaggerated one or two small robberies in the neighborhood into a great list of desperate crimes, and the young author was pictured as one of the famous degenerates of the age. But the real puzzles of the case remained unanswered. Nobody could account for Carroll's retention of that pocket-book; for his senseless risk in attacking Brundage while carrying so great a plunder from another crime; for his failure to take an easy chance of escape.

In the evening, Carter called at headquarters, and found Carroll's sister, his sister-in-law, and the latter's two children. The women had come to the city with a vague idea that their presence was required, and without enough money to take them back again. They and the children were in tears, and the scene was intensely distressing. It became positively harrowing when the Chief yielded to their entreaties, and summoned the prisoner from his cell.

Somewhat to Carter's surprise, the man was greatly improved in appearance. His bearing was marked by a sad serenity. He beheld the tears and accepted the reproaches of the women with perfect composure, and it was only when they spoke of their immediate need of money that he showed any considerable anxiety. He referred them to a lawyer whom he had retained during the day, saying that he would probably assist them. Otherwise he said nothing to them except vaguely reassuring words; and though they said that they would come again on the following day—a suggestion which the Chief did not see fit to contradict—Carroll bade them farewell with an air of finality.

When the prisoner had been removed, Carter inquired about his lawyer, and learned that a corporation attorney, practically unknown in criminal courts, had been retained. Carroll had given the name and address, and the attorney had been summoned.

"To the best of my judgment," said the Chief, "he had never seen the prisoner before. Carroll was arraigned, and waived examination—as you know, of course."

During the evening, Carter obtained a bit of evidence not altogether unimportant. It appeared that when Ripley left his club on the night of the crime, a man answering Carroll's description, who had been loitering for more than an hour in the neighborhood, had followed him. Two cabmen were the witnesses on this point, and they were perfectly confident; but they said that Ripley had gone up Fifty-ninth Street, instead of Fifth Avenue. Carter called upon Ripley in regard to this contradiction, and was informed that the young man had walked a little way up Fifty-ninth Street, but had returned. He had not seen Carroll following him.

About noon the next day Carter called upon the Chief, who began conversation by stating that he had been devoting a good deal of thought to the Brundage case.

"And you have evolved a theory," said the detective, with a smile. "Shall I tell you what it is?"



"She may fully regain her sight."

The Chief shut one eye and scrutinized Carter closely out of the other.

"Go ahead, confound you!" he said. "You'll tell me what it is, and then you'll show me why it isn't good for anything."

"On the contrary," replied the detective, "it is very near the truth. In fact there can hardly be two theories of this affair. I happen to know that one of your men compared the stain on Carroll's overcoat with the iron bar I spoke of—as to height from the ground, general appearance, etc. The conclusion that Carroll knew about the gate, and the way of escape through the alley is thus verified. Why didn't he run? The obvious explanation is that he remained to cover the retreat of some one else."

they have gone back to Massachusetts. And I can tell you something more agreeable. Two of the leading medical experts of this city have 'taken an interest' in Mrs. Carroll—who, by the way, is a very charming woman, whose needs but never her importunities have burdened our friend, for she is different from the others."

"You have seen her?"

"Yes; this forenoon. She does not yet know of her husband's misfortune. It was deemed unwise to tell her. But—would you believe it—those experts who were so much interested by the accounts of her case published yesterday in connection with this affair, tell me that she has a good chance of recovery; that the treatment hitherto has



"For miles along the streets, in the winter night, you kept him in sight."

"Precisely," said the Chief. "If the snow hadn't melted so soon we would have found tracks."

"You believe," continued Carter, "that this young man, in his half crazy desperation, had formed an alliance with some thug; that it was the thug who attacked Ripley; that the ease with which Ripley was disposed of, sent them both upon a mad career of depredation, with the intent of doing one big night's work and then quitting the town."

"Well, something of that sort," admitted the Chief.

"Then it is the pal who has engaged this lawyer, and has supplied Carroll's somewhat unpleasant relatives with money——"

"Have they got some?"

"Plenty," replied the detective, "and

been all wrong, and that she may fully regain her sight."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said the Chief.

"The experts are great men," said Carter, "but they are not philanthropists; they are sure of their money. By the way, have you seen Carroll to day?"

"Yes, and the change in him is wonderful. Upon my word, he has gained pounds of flesh, and he looks positively handsome."

"His mind is relieved," responded Carter. "You remember that he never worries about himself. That is the truest word he spoke to us. Worry for others has driven him half crazy—money-worry—and now that it is over, he sees the electric chair before him, and is cheerful."

"I was near forgetting," he continued, after a brief pause, "that I have recovered

Ripley's watch. Some of my men searched the west side of the park from Seventy-seventh street northward, this morning, and they found it where some one had thrown it over the wall. A portrait on the inside of the case, at the back, has been scratched with a knife; but the job was done in the dark, and the face is still recognizable. It was Mrs. Haskell's."

"Why in blazes—"

"My friend, it is as clear as a bell. Match it with my discovery that Carroll's coat showed every mark of the fight with Brundage, in which, singularly enough, his nether garments seem not to have shared."

"Do you mean that he changed coats with the real assailant?" gasped the Chief.

"Beyond a doubt."

The Chief sprang up and seized his hat from the rack on the wall.

"Let's go down to the Tombs," he said. "Carroll is there."

In a private room of the famous old prison—standing then in the embrace of the new—the prisoner in the Brundage murder case, led from his cell he knew not why, found the Chief and the detective waiting for him.

"Mr. Carroll," said Carter, kindly, "the cat is out of the bag."

The prisoner started violently, and his face flushed.

"You were in desperate straits," the detective continued; "you knew not where to turn for help. You had quarreled with Ripley, who once had befriended you, and yet, in your emergency you could think of no one else. You dressed as well as you could, in the suit that he had given you, and yet when you came to the club, your shabby overcoat kept you from asking for the man you wished to see. When he came out, you followed him, hesitating to speak. For miles along the streets, in the winter night, you kept him in sight, while he, with a foolish burden of jealousy on his mind, did not see you."

"At the corner of Berkeley Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street, he stopped. Presently

he turned back, and you stepped within the iron gate to let him pass. Then Brundage appeared. Before you realized what was happening, the sharp struggle was over. Ripley had gratified his jealousy far more fully than he had planned to do. Brundage lay dead on the sidewalk, and Ripley, bending over him, groaned in agony.

"A sudden, grotesque and terrible thought leaped into your mind—to exchange burdens with Ripley, to take his deadly sin, and give him your care, that would rest so lightly upon this Cræsus. With what insane relief he accepted your offer; what promises he made in those few thrilling moments, we can readily imagine.

"He had taken off his overcoat that he might be the more free to punish his rival. His clothes showed the struggle. As your two suits were identical, the change of coats was a natural suggestion. The purse with the money was forgotten; but Ripley, after he had escaped through the alley, remembered it, and his story of robbery was the only invention that could meet the situation. The rest comes naturally, including your queer lawyer whom Ripley recommended."

"Curse you!" cried Carroll, leaping to his feet. "You have ruined me."

"In return, let me promise my help," said Carter. "I pity you, driven mad by care as you have been. There is no reason in the world why you cannot bear your burdens when you have had rest, with an easy mind. I can promise it to you."

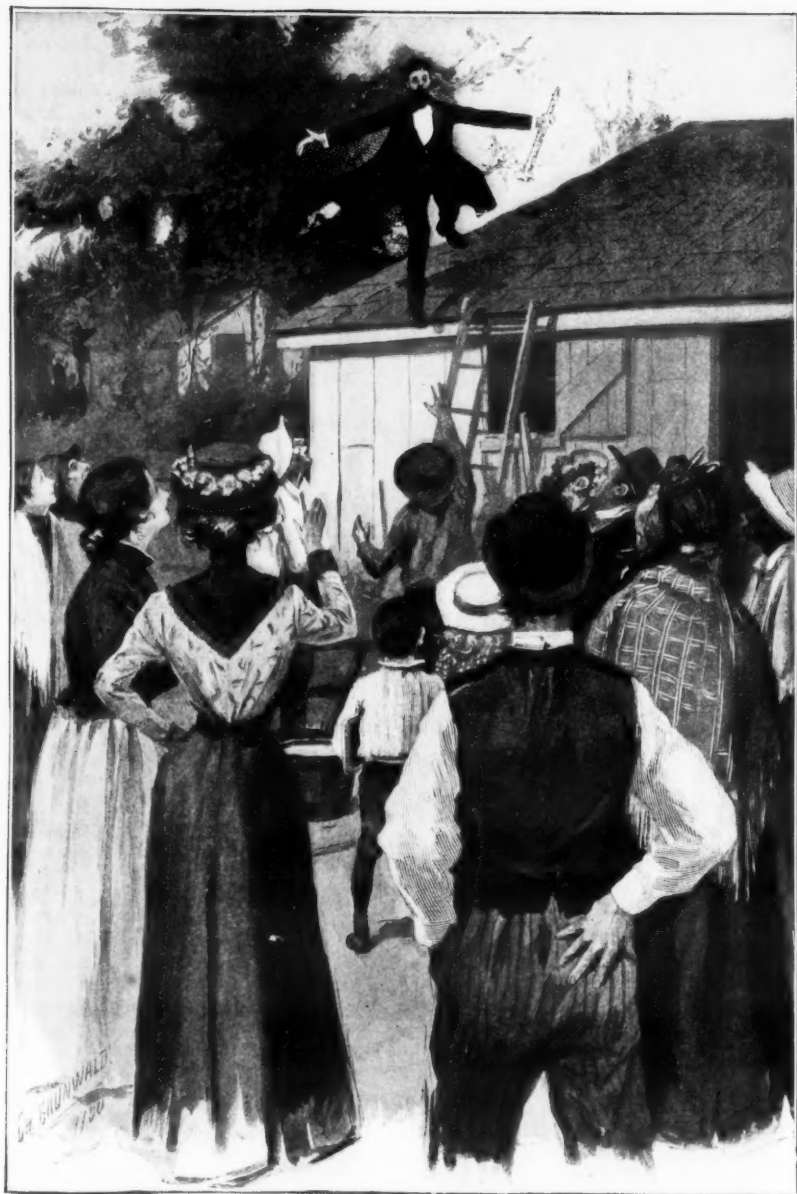
Carroll sank back into a chair, and began to weep hysterically.

The Chief viewed him with professional self-control, yet with some signs of sympathy.

"Shall I send a man for Ripley?" he whispered.

"I have attended to that," responded the detective. "He is on his way to Headquarters by this time."

"Manslaughter, I suppose," muttered the Chief. "I'll bet a hat that he doesn't get over five years."



"... and hollerin' that he was the seventh angel with the seventh trumpet."

—*"The Seventh Trumpet."*—p. 553.

THE SEVENTH TRUMPET

By EUGENE WOOD

THAT the very existence of the Second Presbyterian Church of Minuca Centre, as a corporate body, was soon to come to an end was a foreboding that the elders, deacons and trustees were no longer able to keep either from or to themselves. There were not too many Presbyterians in the Centre, anyhow, and some of the young people openly said it was just foolishness to keep up two churches. They had forgotten, if they ever knew what it was that made the Second Church split off from the First. They liked to hear Mr. Hall, the pastor of the First Church, preach, and here lately nearly all of those who had no battleground to look back upon, and those, too, in whose memories that battleground had been grassed over, had taken to going to the First Church Sunday evenings, where they had an organ and a choir. John Snodgrass, the precentor of the Second, with his tuning fork and his "down, left, right, up," was very much opposed to such heathenish carryings-on in the house of God; it was too much like the Catholics, and he had heard that the doctrine was none too Scriptural; "and yit," he admitted, scratching his chin and screwing up his face, "and yit they is sech a thing as bein' a *leetle* mite *too* Scriptural." The men of the congregation thought so, too, but the women folks, trained for centuries to think no evil of the reverend clergy, said: "Well, I believe Mr. Bailey is a *good* man, and there is a great deal in his sermons that it'd be well if we'd all take to heart." Whereat the men, wise in their day and generation, simply shifted their chewing tobacco to the other cheek, and looked away off yonder somewhere.

And then came the famous sermon on the man found picking up sticks on the Sabbath Day.

"If," said the preacher, "the Lord that made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is and rested the seventh day, wherefore He blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, if He, whose property it is always to have mercy, yet condemned to death the sinner, just out of idolatrous Egypt, to whom the command was hardly yet familiar

and lacking the authority of long-continued hearing, what shall *our* portion be, brethren and sisters in the Lord, who have heard from our youth up the solemn words: 'The seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God?' The man found picking up sticks might say he had forgotten; he would not dare to set up another authority against the word of the Almighty thundered from Sinai, but what have we done? We have made His commandment of none effect and have substituted another day, on whose authority, fellow sinners and dying souls? On the authority of our heathen ancestors, in their blindness worshipping the greater light of heaven instead of Him who set it there; on the authority of anti-Christ himself, that is to say, the Pope of Rome with all his pagan idolatry and soul-destroying mummeries!"

The elders and pillars of the church fidgeted in their pews, and Horatio Southard got up and "stomped" out, followed by Mrs. Southard, red and embarrassed, mincing and bridling as she pushed ahead of her little Johnny, who kept whimpering all the way down the aisle, "What for, ma? What for? Meetin' ain't out yit. What for, ma?" She never forgave Rashe for putting her in such a predicament, and, worst of all, that he had prevented her from hearing at first hand the announcement of Mr. Bailey that hereafter, God willing, there would be no more preaching on the heathenish Sun-day, but that on the coming Sabbath—that is to say, Saturday—there would be divine service at the usual hours, 10:30 in the morning and 7:30 in the evening.

After church the congregation gathered at the doors and felt in the clear air and familiar scenes that they were once again in a sane and reasonable world where things were as they always had been. There was Judge Rodehaver's house across the way, there was the horse block. Yes, it was just the same as ever. But inside, under the spell of that wild, impetuous eloquence, the former things seemed to have passed away and all things to have become new. Though they all knew what the Shorter Catechism said about the Christian Sabbath, yet even

now they were so bewitched that they never even thought of it.

"It did certainly seem reasonable," declared the Widow Parker with her Teacher's Bible, ragged from long and hard usage, "if you run up the references, like what he give you. Most of 'em I got, and they was jist like what he said, but laws! I don't believe I could get my bakin' done in time for meetin' Saddy. W'y, Saddy's my busiest day!"

"Ain't it everybody's busiest day?" demanded Cal Hubert, bobbing his head at Mrs. Parker, scowling and wabbling his long, loose forefinger at her, as if he were going to eat her up. "Ain't I got to stay down at the store till 'way late Saddy night, ten, 'leven, twelve o'clock? Ain't I? Ain't I? Well, I tell you the Sabbath was made for man. Yes, sir, the Sabbath was made for man, so it was. Yes, sir. Not man for the Sabbath. No, sir. Made for man." He canted his head to one side and brought it back as if he had said the word that ended the dispute.

"Well, but Calvin," began Mrs. Parker, "I don't see as that text——" But Marinus Moran cut in with his deep, slow voice to demand: "To go buggy ridin' on?" Mr. Moran felt called upon at all times and in all places to point out to others wherein they erred and came short.

"Oh, well, now, Mr. Moran, don't you go to gittin' pers'nal. That ain't the question. That ain't it at all. What I done ain't the question. No, sir. I was away last summer, anyways. It ain't the question. You show me chapter an' verse where it says not to go buggy ridin' on Sunday. You jist show it to me. Point it out to me. You show it." Cal was excitedly bobbing his head at Marinus and shaking his forefinger at him and overpowering the boom of his heavy artillery with the rattle of his rapid-fire gun.

"Shish!" said several others all at once, and the groups parted silently and left a clear way down the brick walk. The preacher passed, making slight impersonal bows right and left. His black eyes blazed with excitement, his lips moved and his fingers worked. Lean and lank he lurched along, his coat-tails flying as he swung his arms. His wife, a pale, sandy-haired woman as lean as he, but with a more "peaked" look because of her long nose, followed leading little Eunice and Ira, her eyes on her husband as if he had mesmerized her.

Centre Street M. E. let out about the same time, and of course the Second Presbyterians could not keep their own affairs to

themselves, but had to tell it, and so the Centre Street folks had plenty to talk about that afternoon. Perhaps they were rather glad of it. All the other churches in town had had their troubles, but not Centre Street, no, not Centre Street. "A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." The day of Centre Street was not yet come, but when it did—— Let us not talk about it. There are some things—many things—it were better not to think about, let alone to put into words.

At the preacher's house, Mrs. Bailey took off her things without a word and hung them up. She went out into the kitchen, and into her pale, bulging eyes the tears came as she got ready the dinner of steak, cut thin, pounded, scored and fried very well done, mashed potatoes and dried apple pie. Ira and Eunice put their things away, too, and pushed themselves up on chairs in the parlor, where they sat with their hands folded and watched their father pace up and down with his hands behind him and muttering to himself. They cowered as he came near them once. The motion attracted his notice. He stopped and looked at them and then resumed his walk.

"Innocent children!" he declaimed, in his preaching voice. "Not yet blighted with sin. Not yet. Ira, do you feel your calling and election sure? You do, don't you, Eunice?"

"Yeththir," she answered, promptly.

"And don't you, Ira? Don't you, my son?"

The boy dug his toe into the faded carpet and replied doggedly: "I do if Eunice does," and stole a look at her.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," the preacher went on rhapsodically, "their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven. . . . Of such is the kingdom. . . . Unspotted from the world and yet how soon to be exposed to its temptations and to lose their primal innocence." He stopped and put his hand on Ira's head. The boy moved his head as if a little scared, and the hand slid down on the child's neck at the corner of his jaw and then was snatched away. The preacher had begun to say: "It was accounted unto Abraham for righteousness——" When he resumed his natural voice and said to them quite gently: "You can run out and play." As he saw them hesitate, he urged them: "Go on; go on. You can play all you want to and have a nice time." They darted out eagerly.

The mother opened a side door and whis-

pered to them: "I wouldn't make any noise if I was you. It's Sunday, and people might think it was strange."

"We'll be real thtill, ma," lisped Eunice. Ira waited till the door shut, and then continued what he had been saying: "And you know they's these here false-face things they put on and he could easy get clothes like pa's and false hair and whiskers like his."

"Where do you thpose our real pa ith, then?" asked Eunice.

"I don't know. Mebby he's dead. Mebby this other man toled him off summers and killed him and got his clothes, and could talk like him and then got the false face and put it on. I tell you, Eunice, next time he hugs you you feel and see if you can't find the string where the false face is tied on."

"Oh, Ira, you. I'm afraid."

"Huck-uh. He never hugs me. Say, I wonder if he ain't lookin' for the string to my false face. He's always feelin' at my neck."

Mrs. Bailey overheard part of their talk and groaned aloud. "Oh, my Lord! They've noticed it! What shall I tell them?" As she leaned over to poke the frying steak with a fork she whispered: "Why has this affliction come upon us? Was it because I made an idol of him?"

At dinner Mr. Bailey made a long and wandering prayer when he asked a blessing. He paused, for, it seemed, a minute and said "Amen!" quite suddenly. Then he resumed his natural voice and began helping the plates. He took a sup of the thin coffee and a bite of the soggy bread and sat staring at his plate.

"Mr. Bailey," said his wife, "you ort to eat more dinner. You don't seem to have no appetite here lately. You don't eat enough to keep a bird alive. Take some of the meat."

He took up the carving knife, looked at it, felt of the edge and started up, flinging down the knife and crying: "No, no! I can't make the sacrifice. I love them too much; I love them too much!" He ran up stairs, waving his hands over his head, and Mrs. Bailey heard his study door slam. She and the children ate on in terrified silence, and when they had finished she sent them out to play in the back yard. "Very softly now," she cautioned them. "It's Sunday, you know, and folks might think strange."

After they had gone, she listened at the stairway and heard him groan: "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass

from me." This was something new. She wondered what it was. It couldn't be this about the Seventh Day, because he had talked that all over with her and had overborne her feeble resistance. It had been a great cross, but her back was fitted to that burden now. It had called for all the economy she was mistress of to provide for the family and keep Ira and Eunice looking nice for school on the small salary, and here lately the congregation hadn't liked Mr. Bailey's preaching. Of course now they would take it to the Presbytery and Mr. Bailey would be put out, and what they should do then she did not know. But that was not what was worrying Mr. Bailey. He had told her the Lord would provide for all their temporal wants, but what was this that had come over him? She did not know, but she feared for the worst. She would have to wait, and she would have to keep it to herself.

Saturday morning all hearkened for the bell of the Second Presbyterian. It was a little late, but it sounded. Mr. Bailey rang it himself, and the town applauded the spirit of Dicky Tomlinson, the sexton, in rebelling against the preacher. It was well advertised that he had said he'd be jiggered if he rung that bell or opened the church. He was paid to do that Sundays and Wednesday evenings. That was the understanding when he took the job. Sunday and Wednesday evenings he'd open up and ring the bell, and all, same as ever, but he'd be jiggered if he would on Saturdays. What did the Bible say? Didn't it say: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmarks?" And when he had made all his arrangements, and anybody, preacher or who, come along and upset 'em, wasn't that just the same as removing landmarks? Well, he guessed. He saw himself ringing that bell on a Saturday; he just saw himself. Charley Pope said that was the spirit of '76.

There were only a few of the regular congregation out, some of the real old people that had no other way to pass the time, and a few children. But there was a full attendance of certain of whom all the town thought when the Epistle of Jude was read: "Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." They were there, and they seemed to Mrs. Bailey to be vultures gathering around the dying.

There was Marinus Moran, who had gone a pilgrimage of all the churches in the Centre, looking, as he said, for one where there was "heart-felt" religion, but in reality seeking a place where he could lord it over everybody. He had been known to pray fifteen minutes on a stretch, and a giggle went up from the back seats at prayer meeting whenever his trumpet-toned address began: "High! Holay! Almighty! Everlasting Ngon!" He was a terrible old man, and all that decent people wanted buried out of sight and forgotten, as it must be if this world is to be lived in at all, he delighted to bring up, especially in his long prayers.

Aunt Betty Mooney was there. She used to get to shouting during the sermon, and from shouting she went on to exhorting while the preacher had to stand and look at her. They had a terrible time with her at St. Paul's once when Brother Breen was preaching. She started in for he was a powerful man, and stirred folks up considerably. He stood it as long as he could, and then broke in with: "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

"I don't hold by everything that Paul said," she answered him. "He owned up that sometimes he spoke as a fool, and this was one o' them times."

"Put her out!" said Brother Breen.

"I won't be put out!" she screamed, and hung on to the pew while the men tugged at her and nearly tore the clothes off her back. They got her out into the aisle and there she flung herself flat on the floor, kicking her heels and squalling: "For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Four of the stewards had to pick her up bodily and carry her out, locking the door after her, which she pounded till she saw Constable Halloran coming. Poor old Aunt Betty! She was the best soul when there was sickness.

There was Zimri Hollabaugh, not so litigious as these two, but none the less a disturbing element, so that the sextons of all the churches had orders to keep him out. For while he often behaved with exemplary decorum, no one could tell when he would get "the pay-er" and display what he was so proud of, the apostolic gift of tongues not understood of the people. Right in the middle of the minister's most impassioned period, he would jump up and, clinging to the pew in front of him, would close his eyes and sway back and forth, chanting: "O yay! O yay! Losh-cum-aloshity wa-wa. Ras-

cumtooleroo, bullallop, bullallop!" never ceasing till he was led out.

There was "Tepe" Armstrong, who proved things out of the works of his illustrious namesake, Flavius Josephus, and Alanson McKinnon, and a few more of those who delighted in theological disputations and whom the present rebellious attitude of the Rev. Jeremiah Bailey attracted as a rubbed comb attracts light bodies. These gathered around him after service to congratulate him on his stand for true Gospel religion. Mrs. Bailey's heart sank within her as she saw him talking to them eagerly, taking them at their own valuation.

Next day Dicky Tomlinson rang the bell as usual, but Mr. Bailey did not appear. He had told the session he would not, and they got old Mr. MacFarlane, the stated clerk of the Presbytery, to officiate. There was a meeting of the congregation after the sermon at which an overture was made to Presbytery to constitute the court of Christ to try the Rev. Jeremiah Bailey for heresy, to sever the pastoral relation heretofore existing between him and the Second Church and to take such steps as might be necessary to reunite with the First Church.

Then there came a day when the Baileys had to move out of the parsonage and into a little house up on Mad River Street, where on Saturdays the little congregation of "Searchers," as these recalcitrants called themselves, met in the front room, till they should need a larger edifice. The collections had a weekly average of fifty-three cents. Once they took in fifty-eight cents. On that the family of the Rev. Jeremiah Bailey was supposed to exist.

But if that had been all that Mrs. Bailey had been called upon to suffer, she would have borne her burden with a light heart. Mr. Bailey was sleeping very little nights now. She could wake up at any time and hear him groaning: "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" and then he would repeat long passages from Revelations. He was preaching a series of sermons on the seven angels with the trumpets. Let her drop off to sleep, wearied with her cares, when she might and wake when she might, she would always hear that agonized plea. "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!"

The explanation of his distress of soul came one night when she awoke with a sudden chill on her neck. It was the carving knife laid against her flesh.

"Lucy!" he whispered. "Lucy! the hour is come. It is the Father's will. I dare resist no longer."

She gave a leap of animal terror and caught his hand. "Oh, Mr. Bailey!" she gasped, "what is it?"

"Be calm, be calm," he told her. "I have taken all the blankets and the comfort off the spare bed and spread them out on the floor of the kitchen so as not to spot the floor. It's so hard to get out of woodwork. You take Eunice, and I'll take Ira. Be careful and don't make any noise. Don't wake them. Shish! then they will go right from their innocent sleep to the glories of Heaven where their angels do always behold the face of the Father. They are innocent as yet, but how soon, oh, how soon to be contaminated by this world of sin."

"Why, why, Mr. Bailey, what do you mean to do?" she gasped.

"I'll cut their throats, real quiet, real quiet. I've got the knife so sharp, so-o sharp they'll feel no pain at all. And the bedclothes will soak up all the blood. Yes, that's the best way. I've thought it all out. Now don't you say a word. But, oh, Lucy! I would fain this cup had passed from me. It is so hard to make the sacrifice."

Fear clutched at her heart, not for herself but for her children. With a heroism such as nerves heroes on the battlefield, she stilled the tremor in her voice and set herself to reason with him and coax the knife away from him. It would be presumptuous sin in them to interfere with the Almighty's plans. The children's lives were in God's hands. He knew it was a world of sin when He sent them into it, and what were they to interfere and call Him to account with, "Why do ye so?" Whom He did predestinate them He also called; and whom He called them He also justified; and whom He justified them He also glorified, so that without human let or hindrance all could work out to the greater honor and glory of God. She urged him to consider the matter further and do nothing without her. She talked with him till he quieted down and said, "I guess you're right, Lucy," and settled himself to sleep, but it was only a little while and he was walking the floor again and groaning: "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

Day after day and especially night after night it was her task to devise new arguments and new excuses for delay. She had to be vigilant about the carving knife and take care not to let him be alone with the

children for a moment, at the same time keeping it from them and from every one else, too. Why didn't she tell some one? Why didn't she tell the doctor and have her husband put where he could receive proper care and perhaps recover his mind?

In those days—in these days, insanity is less a disease than a disgrace. The afflicted are no longer regarded as possessed of devils, but they are tried and convicted by the same machinery as a thief and a murderer, and it was only the other day that we ceased treating them more cruelly than any felon. Fearful stories were told about the county house where the lunatics were kept, how they were fed on butchers' scraps stewed up; how they beat the poor things that didn't know any better. They used to pound the ends of old Charity Newton's fingers so that she couldn't pick up the pins she was forever trying to swallow, and they broke in the roof of old Mrs. Newsome's mouth with an iron spoon when she wouldn't eat. Mrs. Bailey could not bear to think of exposing her husband to the ridicule of the loafers around the Court House. She could not bear to think of his being locked up with that silly boy of Makemson's that used to beg for tobacco by pointing to his mouth and saying: "Ub-bub-bub-baa! Ub-bub-bub-baa!" If it had to come, it had to come but till then she would have to wait. If anything happened to the children, why, why—it would happen to her, too.

Some days he was just like his old self and Eunice said to Ira: "Pa'th come back. And thay, Ira. I felt, and they watn't nothtrng like you thaid."

"Well, then, he's got the false-face pasted on," maintained Ira. "It ain't pa at all."

"Oh, yeth, he ith, too," declared Eunice. "Look how nithe he wath to-day."

"He was jist a-actin' like pa, that's all. My real pa, he never used to feel how big my neck was or put his finger on that place where it beats right by my jaw. Say, Eunice, did you know it beats there jist like it does on your wrist? Well, it does. Now you feel. Don't it? A-ah, what did I tell you?"

It was not so long to wait. The sermons on the angels with the trumpets were growing more and more fantastic in their imagery. The Searchers were mazed into silence. Only Brother Hollabaugh preserved his gift, but exercised it in so subdued a fashion that his low murmur, "O ya! o ya! Losh-cum-a-loshity wa-wa!" fitted itself to

the high-pitched oratory of Mr. Bailey as the drone of a bagpipe fits the chanter.

It was the Monday before the Saturday when he was to preach the last of the series on Revelations x, 7: "But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as He hath declared to His servants the prophets." Mrs. Bailey heard him declaiming: "Marantha! Marantha! The Lord cometh! And shall He find faith in the earth? Shall He find the Sabbath sanctified and remembered? Yes, there is a remnant which hath not bowed the knee to Baal——" And then the front door slammed and stillness followed. It was time for the children to come home from school. Suppose he should meet them! She wrung her hands out of the wash water, let down her skirts which she had kilted up, threw her shawl over her head and started out to seek them. She went clear down to the Union school-house and saw no signs of either parent or children. Miss Munsell said Ira and Eunice had both gone home, but search as she might she could not find them till she got to her own gate, when she saw them coming from the corner of Chillicothe Street.

"Why, where have you been?" she demanded. "You 'most scared the life out of me."

"Oh, jist down by Patterson's," said Ira and looked at his sister.

"What were you doing down by Patterson's? That's not on the road home. Did you see anything of your father?"

"You tell her, Euny," said the boy.

Eunice shook her head. For the first time, Mrs. Bailey noticed that the child was crying.

"What's the matter, Eunice? Has anybody been mean to you?"

The child shook her head again and catching hold of her mother's frock began to cry hard.

"Tell me what's the matter, Ira."

"When we was comin' home from school we seen a who' lot o' people runnin' into the alley back o' Patterson's, and they was laughin' like everything, and all the other children run there, and we run, too, 'cause we wanted to see what they was laughin' at. And this here man that pretends he's our pa, he was up on top the barn with a big, long tin horn in his hand a-blowin' on it and hollerin' that he was the seventh angel with the seventh trumpet, and everybody was makin' fun of him."

"Yes," whispered Mrs. Bailey, "and then what?"

"And the constable, he had a ladder up agin the barn and was goin' to climb up it when pa—you know, this man that pretends to be our pa—he commenced to flap his arms, makin' out like he was flyin', and jumped off. He lit on a pile o' trash and stuff, and the crowd all hollered: 'Here he is!' and the constable got around there and took him off to the calaboose, and Mr. Horn, he said for God's sakes for somebody to take them little young ones——"

"Oh, Ira! You thwored!" reproved Eunice.

"I didn't, either. I was jist tellin' ma what Mr. Horn said. He said for—you know—sakes to take them poor little young ones home, somebody, and not to let 'em see their daddy drug off to jail, and I told him he wasn't our real pa; that he was jist somebody with a false face on that looked like our real pa, and Mr. Horn said, 'Oh, my Lord! ain't it awful?' and for us to run along home. And he ain't our real pa, is he?"

They were in the house now. Mrs. Bailey sank into a chair and threw her apron over her head, while she rocked to and fro, shaken by the billows of her grief. The children stood and looked at her while Ira persisted in his query: "Is he, ma? Is he our real pa? Ma, is he? Oh, ma, is he? Tell me, is he?"

As always in life, the blow when it fell was less terrible than the fear of it. Mrs. Bailey found that she could draw a long breath once more. The children were safe—at least, there were only the ordinary perils of being run over in the street or of catching the scarlet fever or diphtheria. Then the people were so kind, even the elders and the deacons who had been so hard on Mr. Bailey when he was tried by Presbytery, did everything they could for her. When it was known how miserably poor she and the children were they sent her groceries and coal and warm clothes to make over for Ira and Eunice and would not take "no" for an answer. She was a beautiful washer, too, and people from all over town sent her things they wanted done up carefully, and paid her well for it, so that, altogether, she made out right well. The "Searchers" kept far aloof, though. They had had a poor opinion of her from the first, as being out of sympathy with her gifted husband, and when it came out

that he was insane, they were too much mortified to have anything to do with her. Even Aunt Betty Mooney tossed her head and held her peace for once. Alanson McKinnon was the only loyal one. He still kept the seventh day, and whenever he came to town he always brought her something, a bushel of potatoes or turnips or a barrel of apples. Hogkilling time he fetched in some spare-ribs. It didn't do any good for her to say that she had no claim on him and that she could not take his presents. He was the "settest" man in his ways in Logan County. He had made up his mind that he ought to give her these things and that ended it.

Neither was Mr. Bailey's existence so terrible as she had feared. Every two weeks she went out to visit him at the county house and took him things she thought he would like to eat. Otho Littell drove out there with a load of supplies, and she rode on the seat with him going and coming. Once Ira and Eunice went with her, but only once. Whenever she asked them after that if they didn't want to go and see pa they whined, "No-o, no-o." Now that he had his long hair cut close to his head with clippers and his beard shaved off he looked less like their pa than ever, and they would not go to him, though he begged them to. He jumped up and began to walk the floor of the long room, crying: "Unspotted from the world as yet, but, oh, how soon, how soon to be contaminated! Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

"I guess, if you don't mind, Miss' Bailey," said the troubled Mr. Littell in response to a motion of the head and a grimace from Mr. Herkelrode, "I'll take the children out to the wagon. You make out your visit to Mr. Bailey. I'll wait for you."

Mrs. Bailey satisfied herself that her husband had enough to eat and wear and a clean bed to sleep in. She had his library sent out so that he might not lack for reading matter, but he pined for freedom.

"'Woe is me,'" he quoted, "'that I sojourn in Mesekh, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar. My soul hath long dwelt among them that are enemies to peace. . . . Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom Thou rememberest no more; and they are cut off from Thy hand. Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. . . . Thou hast put away mine acquaintances from me; Thou hast made me an abomination unto them. I am shut up,

and I cannot come forth. . . .'" Aw, Lucy, won't you take me out? Aw, Lucy! I think you might. Please, Lucy, won't you? Aw, please? Why, Lucy, the people here are crazy. Folk'll think I'm crazy if I stay here. You don't think I'm crazy, do you, Lucy? I have so much to do before the mystery of God is finished. You know, I'm the angel with the seventh trumpet. You know that, don't you? And say. They won't let me have a knife to cut my nails with. Couldn't you get me a—come closer—couldn't you get me a little knife, a little, little one, and slip it to me, slip it to me when they ain't looking? You know that 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins,' and this is a dreadfully wicked place."

She had to put him off and quiet him the best she could. She knew how to talk to him.

One morning Mr. Bailey did not come out of his room when it was unlocked. In some way he had wrenched the wire grating loose from his window and had climbed down a rope made from his bed sheet.

Mr. Herkelrode had one of the paupers hitch up the big wagon and drive to town with him right after breakfast. He pulled up in front of the little house where Mrs. Bailey lived. Little Curg Emerson, with his books under his arm, was at the front fence yodeling for Ira to come out. Mr. Herkelrode knocked at the front door, but there was no answer. He hearkened. There was a sonorous, masculine voice within reciting something. Between verses there was stillness. Mr. Herkelrode came down from the front porch very quietly and tip-toed around to the side window. He peeped in and stood staring. Then he sat down very suddenly with his head in his hands and gulped hard. Two or three times he tried to get up before he succeeded. When he came to the front fence he was as white as a sheet.

"Bub," he whispered to little Curg, "run down to the Court House and get Constable Halloran. Tell him to come right quick. Tell him to bring his revolver. Tell him something awful has happened. When you go past the blacksmith shop, ask Mr. Perkypile if he won't hurry right up. Run now."

Then he went over to the pauper sitting in the wagon and nodded. "Drive across to that hitching post yan and lie up and come over here. Easy now." When the pauper came in at the gate Mr. Herkelrode said: "Don't make no noise. He's in there. You

can look in if you want to. I don't. I got enough. Don't let him see you."

The man peeped in and came away trembling. "He had a chopping bowl full of something," he whispered, "and he was dipping his finger in it and sprinkling it on a kind of pulpit thing by the door. I heard him say something about the altar at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation."

"Lord!" groaned Mr. Herkelrode, shaking his head. "I bet she fought with him

to keep him from the children. Did you see 'em? Oh, my Lord! Hear him now."

"Accept, O Lord," the oratorical voice rang out, "this sacrifice of blood for the remission of sins. Bring these Thy servants into Thine everlasting habitations where ——" There was a silence, and then a long, whimpering wail: "Oh, that this cup might have passed from me," and then the terrible sound of a man sobbing.

Mr. Herkelrode sighed: "I woosh't them men'd hurry up and come."

VERSES

By ARTHUR KETCHUM

THE VINTAGE

Love brewed me drink in the cup o' life

At the tavern of the years.

Love bade me drink to the dregs thereof

And, oh! I found that the brew of Love

Was but the wine of tears!

TRANSFIGURATION

As one who looks out to the West when shadow-time's begun,

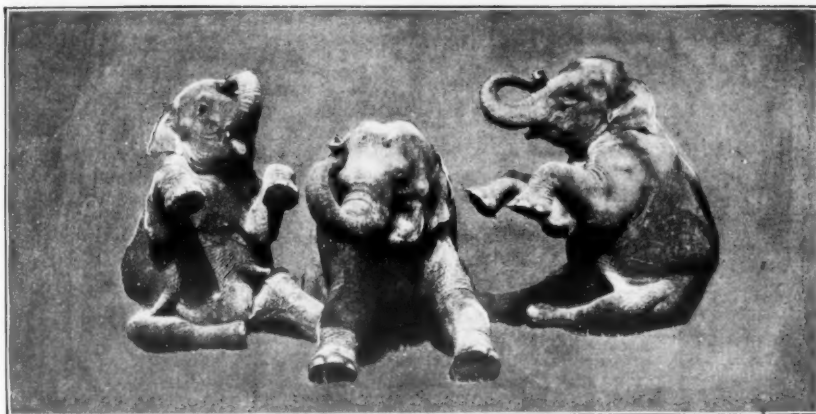
And sees in splendor on the hills the pageant of the sun,

So we will look at life, maybe, when life is all but done:

And find old aims, vain dreams, mad hopes touched with a kindlier light,

Flash with a glory all unguessed upon the straining sight

Aye, and be glad to know there waits the long reward of night!



Sam Lockhart's "Three Graces."

Trained elephants are among the highest-priced features of a vaudeville bill.

THE WONDER OF VAUDEVILLE

BY RICHARD DUFFY

PERHAPS, after all, it is some filched radiance of the circus that forms a large part of the wonder and fascination of vaudeville. What is more arresting to eyes that find in circus wagons Titian harmonies of color than the front of the average theatre *consecrated to refined vaudeville*. What a wealth of delights promised in the long line of huge silver frames, enclosing photographs of singers, dancers, actors, actresses, acrobats, elephants, monkeys, dogs, jugglers and what not that form the bill of the week which is in evolution from noon till eleven at night, from Monday till Saturday! What if the frames are cheap wood daubed with silver paint? What if some of the photographs look as though they were made in 1875? And the splendid uniform of the military "statuesque," the sentinel at the box-office! Many a general would be happy to be as handsome as he. Then the man that takes your money, in like attire, but who is outshone by the gorgeousness of his white and gold kiosk. Wouldn't it be interesting to know how many women have been impelled to spend fifty cents of their hoarded shopping money simply because of the appeal the military "statuesque" has unwittingly made to their subconscious admiration? How many a hard-worked wife on some lonely outskirts of

the vast metropolis, while sitting on the windowsill and scrubbing the pane in the bitter winter wind, has heard the gay jingle of sleigh bells announcing the vaudeville theatre's palatial coach of white and gold. She turns her head and sees the six prancing black mares with their white ribbons and their silver-studded harness. The driver in his rich livery sits stoical and holds the lines as easefully as he would hold his pipe. On the instant there creeps into her brain the glow, the color, the warmth of the vaudeville. Her blood runs more swiftly, and as the gorgeous coach of white and gold reaches beyond her view she begins to polish the pane again, but with renewed energy, for hasn't she said to herself?

"I guess I'll take the children to the theatre Saturday. I haven't been in two weeks."

That coach is founded on one of the first principles of the circus business. The man who introduced it into vaudeville has stood sponsor for five of the most successful vaudeville houses in the United States, and for one in England. Some of these theatres have been built according to his plans; those that were simply remodeled were remodeled according to his plans. He has been the guiding mind in the development of vaudeville of to-day, and all theatres

devoted to vaudeville bear the earmarks of his genius.

And this man began to earn his living by joining a circus.

In the United States there are about sixty-seven theatres devoted to vaudeville.



Feinberg photo.

Otto T. Johnson.

The sleight-of-hand man in vaudeville

There are two in Canada; and two are in process of being in London. With the exception of a few parks, where performances are given only in summer, almost all these theatres are open the year round.

Of such theatres, twelve are in Greater New York; seven are in Chicago; in the Eastern states there are thirty-four; in the Middle West and South, twenty-four, and on the Pacific Coast there are two. There is none between Omaha and San Francisco.

In order to keep these houses supplied with performers, from 650 to 700 acts are required. An act may be a sweet girl singing tearful ballads of love and parting; it may be a pair of knockabout comedians; it may be a well-known legitimate actor and his company of three or four; or it may be a man with trained elephants. In answer to this demand there is a supply of 1,500 acts. Half of this number is made up of people that get along indifferently or not at all. You may be sure that the latter consider the

vaudeville business to be in a very bad way. As a fact, several millions stand invested in vaudeville to-day. Of the managers, at least one is a millionaire, and he has this advantage over many millionaires in that he passes nearly all his time on his yacht. His wife has spent a small fortune in collecting pictures of the Madonna and of the Holy Family by old masters. At least ten others have made enough money to convince them of the utter fallacy of the income tax. As a cap of cream to this pudding is the security of a fortune made in vaudeville. In the legitimate a manager has to risk a large slice of his capital frequently twice and sometimes three times in a season of about thirty weeks. Once a vaudeville business has been built the enterprise takes much of the stability of a department store.

But how does all this benefit the performer, the man or woman, that gives the big lift to the proprietor in amassing his wealth?

Just in this way: higher salaries are now paid to individual performers, not foreign, than were dreamed of in the old days of the variety show, which was the precursor of refined vaudeville. The most insignificant act in a bill costs at least forty dollars per



Maude McIntyre.

An example of the single singer act.

week. (If you chanced on some of these you might think it would be worth forty to keep them out of the theatre.) The less important acts, those that appear in full force at the supper show, cost from fifty to ninety dollars per week. The stalwart remainder which constitutes the real force of the bill receives salaries running from \$250 to

and not of the fly-by-night species that has made theatre people the dread of creditors. Again, the average salary for a song-and-dance team years ago was \$70; to-day it is more often \$250. A more sensational jump was made by Ching Ling Foo, the Chinese conjurer. A couple of years ago, when he came to this country, he had difficulty in



Feinberg photo.



The Brothers Damm, Acrobats.

Acrobats have become so numerous in vaudeville that only those of peculiar characteristics succeed.

\$1,000 per week. The last is a top-notch figure, and it is reached no oftener than can be helped. Do not forget that these salaries are for engagements of from twenty to fifty-two weeks, according to the value and the luck of performers.

Competent acts usually can book thirty weeks of the year. Again, at a very popular theatre, an act may draw \$100 a week, while at a smaller theatre the same act will draw only \$75. Performers booked only for a small number of weeks in vaudeville often play in the cheap variety houses. These are called "hide-away dates." Then many monologists and singers do turns at clubs after theatre hours at profitable terms. The late J. W. Kelly, whose salary was at least \$300 a week, is known to have earned as much as \$700 above this figure at club entertainments. He was worth it—we shall not see his peer in many a long day.

To compare present conditions with those of the past: A monologist of the J. W. Kelly type usually received \$50 a week twenty-five years ago. To-day he can often draw ten times that figure. What is more, his salary is safe, because the vaudeville manager is a conservative man of business.

securing an engagement. Finally he was booked, for cities outside of New York, at \$260 per week, railroad fares not included. His novel magic fetched good houses and the managers boomed him. Eight months later he was being booked at \$1,000 per week and railroad fares paid. As an indication of the inducement that leads the legitimate actor into vaudeville, here is the case of William Harcourt and Alice Fisher. Both of them, while not possessing the peculiar endowment of stars, have a certain reputation in leading rôles. In the legitimate, it may be ventured, that each of them received from \$150 to \$200 per week. They played perhaps thirty weeks in the year. In vaudeville they commanded together \$500 per week. To be sure, they had to appear twice a day, and for each appearance they spent about an hour in the theatre. In the legitimate they must be at least three hours in the theatre each night, and three for one or two matinees in the week. Furthermore, in vaudeville they get an amount of advertising that could be had only as stars in the legitimate. They are but a type and must not be considered an exception.

It is a constant grumble of the natural-

born vaudevillian that stars from the legitimate often do not "make good" in vaudeville. Managers know this, for the evidence is unmistakable; but they keep such acts on

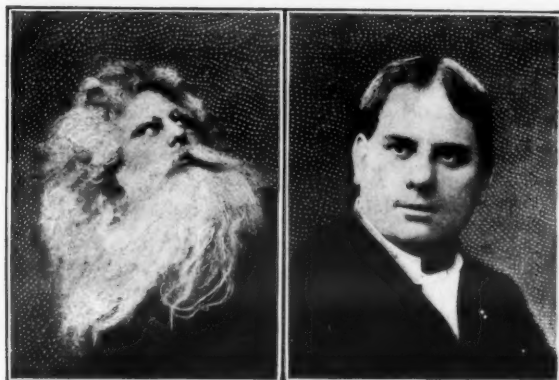
competition," they said among themselves. "Let's combine and we'll all be happy."

So all knives were decently transferred to the left hand and held in the sleeve, while with the right papers were drawn up and signed by which managers allied themselves under the style of the Association of Vaudeville Managers of the United States. The army of performers no sooner learned this title and the men it represented than they cut it short to The Vaudeville Trust.

"If they have united," said the performers, "it is to rough-ride over us. They will cut our salaries, lengthen our hours and—supreme agony—they may not engage us at all! There's no telling what a Trust will do. Now, we've made these men. Without

us what would their gilded palaces of amusement be? Can any of them act, or sing, or dance, or juggle, or tumble? Never on any stage! Then let us form a Trust of ourselves—and remember we have our quarrel just."

This resolution impelled many members



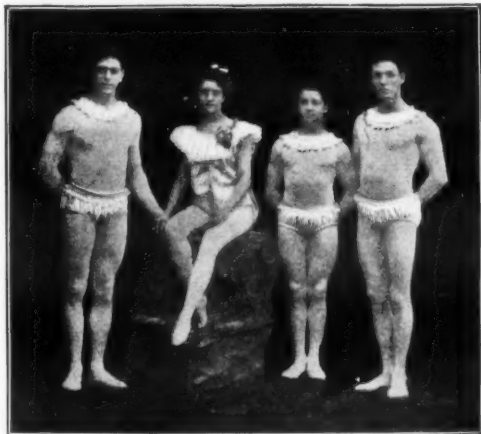
Robert Downing, as KING LEAR.

The tragedian in vaudeville.

because they form strong advertising features. On the other hand, there are men and women appearing in one-act comedies in the vaudeville theatres and having all the furbelows of stars, who, it is not rash to assume, would have some difficulty in earning \$50 per week in the legitimate. In fact, they have never had a high value in the legitimate; but they have been gifted with business foresight and the adaptability to succeed in vaudeville, where mere cleverness is a big asset.

The outlook now is that salaries have climbed to their limit. A year ago managers were alarmed because they could see no such limit. As more managers appeared in the field, the demand for acts of reputation rose to a tension. Performers of note, finding two or three managers after them, began to ask salaries so near the sublime that they almost tumbled into the ridiculous. The evil of competition was stretching its ominous cloud over the vaudeville industry. Soon the silver lining came into view, not fortuitously, but as a result of some clear thinking on the part of the managers.

"We're only cutting our own throats by



The Marvelous Dunham Family. Straight Circus People.

of this branch of the profession to organize under the sweet title of The White Rats of America. A similar society in London, which is called The Water Rats, inspired the name.



Marceau photo.

Papinta, a Picture Dancer.

Papinta is said to have bought a California ranch with her earnings in vaudeville.

The sympathy of the average man will go out naturally to the performers rather than to the managers. The debt we owe to the entertainer that can make twenty minutes of life care-free is not small and we recognize it unconsciously. The White Rats are known to be capable money-making people on the stage, and it is said that the society is in a real sense fraternal. On the other hand it is possible that not one in twenty of these men has had the slightest training in business. Yet they must cope with a company of men whose only claim in life is their business ability. At present of the sixty-seven vaudeville theatres that are in the United States, only five are not under control of managers in the association. Until the performers can build theatres of their own, therefore, and run them, it is plain that most White Rats have to make terms with the associated managers. And they do.

To consider the managers' association impartially there is every

evidence that it is only a natural development. Where formerly nearly a hundred different agents represented as many different acts, to-day all acts are booked either in the New York or in the Chicago office of the association. A performer is now booked for thirty weeks solid in theatres so situated as to provide him the lowest possible outlay for traveling. Once booked, a valuable man may have his mind at rest so far as his engagement is concerned. Of course, it is likely that his salary will remain at the same figure throughout the year unless he makes an unexampled hit. Formerly when one manager was pressing on the heels of another, a performer might demand and get an advance of fifty dollars per week in half a year, although he still did his same old specialty. Again men grow older each year, and an act ages quickly in vaudeville because the regular patron is in the majority. Managers found that many people of first-class reputation were not changing their turn a tittle from year to year, and yet at each new engagement were looking for more money. There is no doubt that the allied managers have been guilty of injustices. But the fact remains that they



Marceau photo.

Watson, Hutchings and Edwards, a Comedy Sketch Trio.

are the employers and that performers are in their employ. Should the association become a trial too great to be suffered, time will develop a remedy in its usual deliberate fashion.

To give a notion of the volume of business



Steinberg photo.

Artie Hall.

"The Original Georgia Coon Shouter."

done by the association it may be stated that before the middle of last October 1,000 acts had been booked. As many as a hundred are booked in a day. Some of these engagements are only for two or three weeks; some for fifty-two; most of them run from twenty-five to forty weeks. About 100 of these are high-priced foreign features, many of which reach into the year 1902. Ten years ago there were but two theatres in the United States which placed such importations, the Orpheum, in San Francisco, and the old Koster & Bial's, in New York. Out of the immemorial American variety show, that was possible only for men audiences, and

out of the Koster & Bial species, possible only to people of fat wallets and of propensities to move rapidly, was evolved the refined vaudeville of to-day. Koster & Bial were among the first to use the word vaudeville in billing their shows. They took it from Paris, where it means a loose-jointed comedy with many songs interspersed. Sometimes it is applied to a concert hall song. The word descends to us, however, by curious meandering all the way from the fifteenth century. Olivier Basselin was a cloth finisher who lived near the Val-de-Vire, a river in Normandy. He wrote a lot of humorous and satirical songs of a tone that made them very popular in the inns and taverns of the period. The songs have such value that M. Basselin has an honorable ten lines of mention in handbooks of French



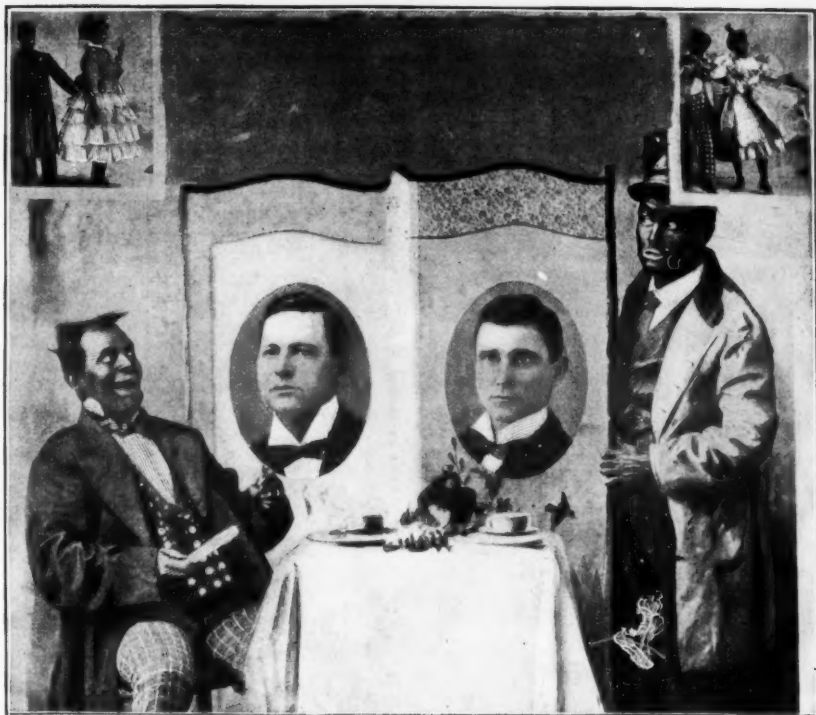
Marceau photo.

Wright Huntington.

He produces one-act plays and is a type of the matinee hero in vaudeville. His girl admirers in a Western city have presented to him a silk pillow.

literature. In 1619 a poet named Jean le Houx collected and revised these songs and embalmed them under the title of Vaux-de-Vire. That Vaux-de-Vire should be transmuted into vaudeville in 200 years or less is a thing perfectly easy and natural in France.

Just think how far Tony Pastor, B. F. Keith, F. F. Proctor and their associates are from the Norman cloth finisher. There is nothing more American in the whole country than continuous refined vaudeville. You will search in vain for it in Austria, Germany and in France. You will soon be able to enjoy it in London, which is growing to be more like New York as the years pass, be-



McIntyre and Heath, Negro Sketch Artists.

This team has been in the business since 1873.

cause two Americans are preparing to introduce it there. Consider also how much refinement there must have been in those jolly songs of M. Basselin. Refinement is pasted all over American vaudeville. A hypercritical mind may be surprised occasionally to see how much of refinement there can be without taste. The man who first used the label "refined" in this connection really meant to say "decent." But "decent" was too close to "indecent" for his sagacious eye. In fact, it seemed almost as bad. But if "decent" originally signified, that which is becoming, clean,—as it did—then American vaudeville is entitled in journalese to be called refined.

In the first place, the theatres are models of cleanliness. The white and gold of the woodwork, the garish red of the upholstery are always speckless. The managers do not wait a year to redecorate their houses, but remove each sign of wear as soon as it shows. Nobody in the employ of the theatre,

from the manager to the boy that carries ice water, is excused if he pass over a paper bag that has been dropped by some lunch-bearing auditor. Behind the scenes there is the same immaculateness. How lonely the old-time legitimate actor, who has condescended to shed the lustre of his art on vaudeville, must feel in these surroundings. Even the scene shifters look unnaturally spruce. There are fifty employees attached to a house, and each one looks cleaner than his mate. The boy in the Tuxedo suit, who puts out the cards, announcing the acts, wears a frilled shirt front that looks like a surplice. I have never seen the proprietor, but I feel that his cleanliness must be of the dazzling whiteness of untrodden snow.

Best of all, the performers must be clean in song, speech and action. Not only are improper double-meanings unheard in vaudeville, but words like "slob" and "damn" are forbidden by formidable cautions hung in the dressing-rooms.

These performers are certainly the oddest collection of entertaining talent ever collected in a modern theatre. The roster reaches from a tragedian in a twenty-minute snip of Shakespeare to a lady with trained lions. There are three shows each day in

last picture is shown on the biograph at night, some act is going on. A bill contains sixteen turns, only eight of which appear in the supper show. Here is an outline of the contents of an average bill:

Two dramatic sketches.

Two teams of acrobats.

Two vocalists (one in character, one straight).

Three or four song and dance comedy duos, if sufficiently varied.

One or two monologists.

Two single singers.

Two teams of talking comedians.

Two teams of musical specialists.

The average cost of such a bill is \$2,200 for the week. If a manager is spending \$2,500 a week for acts he must do a rushing business. At \$2,200 he is safe from worry. One of the best-known vaudeville theatres has a seating capacity of 12,000. On ordinary days the house is filled in the afternoon and in the evening. The supper show audiences run much lighter.

"In the lightest business we do," said the manager, "we turn the house over twice and a half.



Murceau photo.

Edward M. Favor and Edith Sinclair.

A "headliner" song and dance duo.

the continuous houses. These are, the afternoon show, the supper show, the night show. The first begins in the various houses from eleven-thirty to half past twelve. This show lasts until five o'clock and it employs the full strength of the bill. The supper show runs from five o'clock almost till eight, and consists only of the minor features of the bill. The need of the supper show is a mystery even to some managers; but they will continue it as long as there are so many people who seem to take their supper at noon. The night show comprises the full strength of the bill and lasts from eight till half-past ten or a quarter before eleven.

The weekly bill of a vaudeville theatre usually represents a fair proportion of striking individual turns to a balance of general variety. Dramatic sketches or acrobatic acts, which require the full stage alternate with monologists and singers that need only the space of the first entrance. In this way changes of scene are made without delay. For from the moment the house has an audience—and there is always a crowd waiting before the doors are opened—until the



Chickering photo.

Lizzie and Vinnie Daly, Vaudeville Singers.

In heavy business we turn it over three and a half times. On Saturdays and on holidays we have four and five full houses."

No seats are sold, only admission, and you are entitled to a seat when the usher can find one. Admission costs from twenty-five cents to a dollar, according to the part of the theatre. It is not hard to see how the manager may safely invest \$2,200 a week in the selection of his bill. This theatre is



James Richmond Glenroy, a Monologist.
He wears green gloves and delivers comic epigrams among other funny talk.

open every day in the year except Sundays.

But the master-stroke of business acumen in vaudeville was the elimination of the orchestra. In place of paying salaries to twelve musicians and a leader, the manager has two rows of chairs that yield him good money. Instead of bickerings with musical unions, he has evolved that paragon of longanimity, the vaudeville pianist. The day's performance is shared by two of them.



Charles R. Sweet, "The Musical Burglar."

Some of them are thin and nervous; many are fat and ox-like. I like the fat ones best. They play sentimental airs so movingly and their integument seems a shield against the worries of the job. The pianist plays lachrymose music in the moments of pathos in dramatic sketches. He leaps on the bass like a Russian to help out the thin witticism of the horseplay comedian. He never gapes at the acrobats, never seems puzzled by the magicians. Love passages in playlets bore him, and jokes pass over him as harmlessly as they pass over the broad back of the piano of which he seems to be a part. And if any slip happens to a turn the performer blames it all on the pianist. Some of these automatons may once have promised to become famous players. I wonder how many dreaming gallery patrons envy him. He sees all the shows, he always has a front seat, and it doesn't cost him a cent.

THE MILLIONAIRE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Wasted and all in rags his starved soul went,
And opulently paupered, he grew old,
And stood with loaded hands and heart forespent,
A beggar, with a million bits of gold.

THE REVENGE OF ANNIE O'DAY

By HOWARD FIELDING

GEORGE CARR was assistant chemist in the laboratory of the Greenwich Therapeutic Company. His salary was small, but he was not dependent upon it, for his father was a prosperous carpenter and builder who owned many houses, including a handsome row of "flats" on Perry Street.

The elder Carr was an exceptionally generous parent, and George's pockets were never empty. The young man was no spendthrift; indeed, at the age of twenty-five, he had already saved a considerable sum from his allowance, and had invested it with great shrewdness. His indulgence in elegant attire did not constitute an extravagance, for he could well afford all the clothing that a reasonable man might desire, or even a little more. He was admirably fitted by nature for the display of fine raiment, being tall, straight-limbed and graceful, with a countenance which, when his hair was properly arranged, looked not unlike that of the young man whom Mr. Gibson draws.

From his youth George had been a favorite with the other sex, but he had skilfully avoided any entanglement, his rule being to cease bestowing his attentions upon any girl as soon as she showed symptoms of the malady called love. His eye was exceedingly keen for these symptoms, and the detection of them, in various cases, had driven him from one girl to another until the supply, in that part of the city, was nearly exhausted.

George was of the opinion that if ever he had made an error, if ever he had failed to act promptly when the occasion required, it was in the case of Annie O'Day. He was very sorry about it. Annie was a good girl, and he would not with premeditation cause her a moment's pain. Moreover, she was not the sort of girl whose ill-will one would wish to have, for she was capable of a fiery spontaneity of action that took no heed of consequences.

The one thing that George most desired to avoid was trouble with his father. That fear was the basis of his conduct. He knew that his sire had strong views of honor, of financial rectitude, of temperance, and this knowledge made an exemplary young man of George. If Annie O'Day was beginning to

think of serious matters, it was time to call a halt, for his father might hear of it. George shuddered at the thought of marriage, with a realization of its burdensome obligations that was truly abnormal in one so young. Annie was one of the prettiest girls that he knew, and a good dresser—a girl whom a fellow could take out and be proud of. But if she had begun to expect the impossible, he must look around for somebody else.

Such being the case, he transferred his attentions to Grace Fernald, whose parents moved into the neighborhood, as one might say, providentially. For it was a singular thing about George that he always preferred girls who lived in his part of the town, and were known to his intimates. Rarely did his circumspect flirtations extend beyond the limits of old Greenwich village.

Miss Fernald created quite a sensation when she came to live in that region. She had beautiful yellow hair, and her cheeks were as delicate in tint and texture as the fairest blossom in the store of Annie O'Day's father, who was a florist. Miss Fernald's father was an undertaker, and his new home was almost directly across the street from Mr. O'Day's, so there was every reason why the two families should become acquainted. Within a week the girls were great friends, and Annie was saying to every one that Grace was "the loveliest thing in the world."

George heard her say it, and he hoped she would continue to think so, but he had his doubts. Nevertheless, after George had called twice upon Miss Fernald, and had taken her to the theatre in a hansom cab—which Annie could not fail to see from her parlor window—the relations between the girls seemed to continue quite cordial. It had come within George's experience to witness rancor and the parting of friends, under similar circumstances, and he was glad to see that Annie was more sensible than he had supposed her to be. He wondered whether Irwin Thompson could have anything to do with it. Thompson had called upon Annie two or three times since Miss Fernald's advent; indeed, he had invaded

the premises on several occasions before George's abdication, thereby showing himself to be possessed of what George called "a nerve."

Thompson was part proprietor of the drug store on the corner, and a good enough fellow generally. George hoped that Annie and the druggist would get along first-rate. He even went so far as to make a few inquiries, and was surprised to learn that many people knew that Thompson was infatuated with Annie, and had been so for a long time.

"If I had known about this sooner," said

communications which young ladies in a certain class of fiction receive in mysterious ways. George looked at it sternly.

"You can see it, if you wish," said she. "It's something for the skin, and they say it's perfectly lovely."

George took the paper, and found this written upon it:

Oil of bitter almonds, four ounces.
Oil of tartar, (per deliquium) two ounces.
Oil of rhodium, six ounces.
Shake well together till thoroughly mixed.

The young chemist whistled very softly.



"The young chemist whistled softly."

George to himself, "I wouldn't have cut the fellow out, but I guess he'll be all right now."

Like most girls who are blessed with a beautiful skin, Grace could not let it alone. She was not so absurd as to paint it, but she dallied with dainty lotions and camel's hair brushes. She could not go into a drug store without discovering something new in this line which it might be worth while to try; and thus Mr. Irwin Thompson, as George said to himself with a chuckle, had double reason to be glad that Mr. Fernald had moved into the neighborhood.

One evening George called upon Grace, and found her in the parlor by the window, through which came just enough of the last light of day to enable her to read something that was written on a scrap of paper. It had the appearance of one of those secret

"Perfectly lovely for the skin," he repeated. "Who says so?"

"Annie O'Day," replied Grace. "She gave it to me."

Now there may be those who, in reading what I have hitherto said about George, will reach the conclusion that he was a donkey. They will do so on their own responsibility. On the contrary, he prided himself upon his prudence and the invariable habit of thinking before speaking. When he spoke, it was usually not so much for the enlightenment of others as for the furtherance of some design of his own.

"Have you had this put up?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "but I'm going to get it this evening."

"You can't get this at every drug store," said George.

"Annie told me to get Mr. Thompson to

put it up," answered Grace. "She said I mustn't ever go to any one else, because he puts up these complexion things so much better than other people."

"Yes," said George, slowly, "Mr. Thompson is a very nice man."

"I think he's lovely," said she. "What are you scowling about? You look as if you had something on your mind."

"I have," responded George, "and on my conscience, too, perhaps. Will you promise never to talk of it, if I tell you what it is?"

"I cross my heart!" exclaimed Grace, making the appropriate gesture.

"Before I saw you," said the young man, in a sombre tone, "I used to be very good friends with Annie O'Day. Perhaps she's told you about it?"

"No; she never said a word."

"Girls rarely reveal these secrets, I suppose," he continued; "yet I've known them to do it. It may be that I was thoughtless—a fellow can't always be on his guard, you know. I was only a friend to her; and she— Well, perhaps she took our friendship a little too seriously."

"Poor girl," said Grace.

"She is very impulsive," said George, "and in some respects I would say dangerous. She never stops to think. Her friends are her friends, and her enemies are her enemies; and nothing is too good for the one, or too bad for the other. A headlong, reckless child; but I did not think that she was capable of this."

"Of what?" exclaimed the girl.

"Grace," said he, impressively, "this thing may be perfectly lovely for the skin, but I should say it would be better for breaking into a safe. It would take the stripes off a zebra and the hump off a camel's back. Four ounces of the oil of bitter almonds! Do you know what the oil of bitter almonds is?"

"No," she cried, shuddering at his manner.

"Why, it's prussic acid. Four ounces of it is enough to kill a herd of elephants.

Why, if that prescription were put up as written, the smell of it would knock you down, and if you put any on your face, you'd never get over it."

Grace was trembling like a leaf in the wind. She knew that he was a chemist, and that what he said must be true—as, indeed, it was, barring some slight exuberance of language.

"I don't believe Annie meant to do this dreadful thing to me," said she. "It must be a mistake."

"There can't be any mistake about it," said he. "The thing is carefully done. And, besides, think of her sending you to Thompson."

The bearing of this fact did not immediately strike Grace, and she said so.

"It is clear enough," he continued. "Thompson is crazy about her; he would do anything in the world to win her."

"Yes," said Grace, "I believe he would."

"Well, don't you see? An ordinary druggist wouldn't put up this stuff. Even if he did, he would have the prescription in

Annie's handwriting, and if you were injured, she would be punished. As she has planned it, however, he will destroy the prescription, and then they will both contradict your evidence. It will be your word alone against the two of them."

"But I'll have the bottle," cried Grace, "and of course it will have the label of his store."

"A good point, certainly," replied George, "but they probably have some way of getting

around it. Remember that we are merely beginning to get into this plot. Let us not go too fast. The first thing is to be sure that Thompson is in it—dead sure. You must go over to the store and have this stuff put up."

"What shall we do then?" she demanded. "We can't make a fuss about it."

"Certainly not. This is no case for the police courts. It must be hushed up. But, on the other hand, we must be protected. If you simply tear up the prescription, and



"Annie O'Day . . . gave it to me."

tell her you learned that it was harmful, she'll try something else. Perhaps she'll try something on me. We must guard against that; we must have something to hold over their heads. And that bottle of poison will be precisely what we want. It would cost him his license, and send Annie—perhaps both of them—to prison."

"Isn't it dreadful!" exclaimed Grace. "You ought to have been more careful of her feelings. She must have been terribly hurt."

These words touched George upon the raw. He began to realize for the first time that such a career of aimless dalliance as his had been requires more than mortal prudence to avert catastrophe. A dozen girls may be jilted and not take it seriously to heart, but there will always be one that will inaugurate tragedy. George wondered whether Annie would stop at this single attempt, and the thought was direful. Not for worlds would he have this trouble reach his father's ears.

While he was entertaining these disturbing reflections, Grace was preparing to go out. They walked together toward Morris & Thompson's store, but George did not go in. He was afraid that his presence would alarm Thompson. It was possible to see into the store from a dark place across the way, and George had the painful satisfaction of witnessing the success of his plan. Thompson took the prescription from Grace, apparently without question, as if in the ordinary course of his business; but George saw him put it into his pocket instead of pasting it into the book, as is customary.

When Grace reappeared, George joined her, and they walked toward her house. The girl seemed to be in a trance.

"I can't believe that this thing is true," she said; "but I must say that Mr. Thompson looked very funny when he saw that prescription. George"—using his Christian

name for the first time—"would this really spoil my complexion?"

"If you used it, you wouldn't have any complexion or anything to put a complexion on," said he. "You would be disfigured for life."

"Can one girl do such a thing to another?" exclaimed Grace. "Why, I'd rather be murdered a million times than have anything happen to my skin."

She began to cry at the mere thought of it.

"I can't and won't believe this of Annie O'Day," she sobbed. "She's just as sweet and lovely as she can be. She wouldn't hurt a fly. There must be some explanation."

"I'm afraid we've had all the explanation that is necessary," he replied. "This is one of those ordinary poison plots, such as

you read about in the newspapers. Why, I read the other day about a woman who gave another woman a hair wash that turned her hair as green as grass. Jealousy was at the bottom of it, and jealousy is a fearful thing. Annie must have been hit very hard. I'm sorry for her, but it was her own foolishness, not mine. We must deal with the situation as we find it, and the principal thing is to scare her so that she won't do it again."

As he said this, a luminous idea came into his mind. If he himself warned Annie there would be a fearful quarrel, and she would probably be more angry than frightened. It would be better that some one else should see her; some one with at least the suggestion of authority behind him, and yet one who would be governed by George's desire for absolute secrecy.

George enjoyed the acquaintance of a young man named Bernard McGee, who was a detective in a big dry goods store on Sixth Avenue. McGee also knew Annie slightly, so that his calling would excite no particular remark. He was under considerable obliga-



"Thompson took the prescription from Grace, apparently without question, as if in the ordinary course of his business."

tions to George for money loaned and other favors, and he could thus be trusted to conduct the affair with caution.

It came into George's mind that he had seen McGee sitting on the steps of a house just beyond the drug store. He might be there yet.

"I have made up my mind to send somebody else to see Annie," said he to Grace.

"I wouldn't tell any more people than you have to," said the girl. "It would be dreadful if this should get into the papers."

"The man whom I have selected can be implicitly trusted," replied George. "If I can find him, I will have him go right over there, and report to us here, later. Give me the bottle. Don't take the stopper out of it! The smell of that stuff would give you a headache as if your skull were being run through a coffee grinder. Look at that label! Only half pasted on, so that Annie could come over here and pull it off. And I don't believe that that is Morris & Thompson's regular bottle, either. It looks different to me."

"Take it, for goodness' sake," exclaimed Grace. "I'm scared to death of it."

George took the bottle and departed. In a few minutes he was back again with the information that he had found his friend and sent him upon his errand.

An hour elapsed and then the door-bell rang. A young Irishman of a somber exterior was shown into the parlor. He had a very gentle tread, and a soft, persuasive manner, like a dentist's.

"Miss Fernald," said George, "this is Mr. McGee, the detective."

Miss Fernald shook hands with Mr. McGee, who regarded his hand for a moment, thereafter, as if a long habit of caution impelled him to count his fingers. Finding them all there, he turned to George.

"Well," said that young gentleman, "what did Miss O'Day have to say for herself?"

"She raised ructions," said McGee, softly.

"Perhaps you'd like to have me tell you in private what she said?"

"No, no," responded George; "you can speak with perfect freedom before Miss Fernald."

"She said she copied the receipt out of a newspaper."

"That's absurd," said George; "no newspaper would print such a thing."

"Then she went on to say— Perhaps I'd better quote it exactly."

"Why, of course you had, if you can remember it," said George.

"In such cases," said McGee, "I never trust my memory. When there's anything said that I may want to use afterwards, I stand with my hand inside the breast of my coat, like this. I've got a bit of pencil in my fingers, and I write shorthand on my shirt bosom. That's why I never wear a vest. If you'll excuse me—"

He opened his coat and drew his chin down inside his collar, so that he could perform the requisite visual feat.

"I never cared a snap of my fingers for George Carr," said McGee, reading. "He thinks every

girl is in love with him. I'll teach him to send detectives to my house. My father will take George Carr across his knee. He is the most conceited donkey in Greenwich village. I don't see how Grace Fernald can stand him, but if she can, she's more than welcome. I gave her that receipt because the paper said it was good, and I knew that she daubed any old thing on to her face. The idea of her suspecting me of trying to spoil her complexion! I don't think it's much of a complexion, anyhow, if you ask me. If my father doesn't slay George Carr, Irwin Thompson will. Mr. Thompson has been keeping company with me for two years, and I only let George Carr take me to the theatre a few times because Mr. Thompson was working evenings, and besides I pitied George. Every girl in Greenwich village has gone back on him, and if Grace Fernald hadn't moved in, I don't know what he'd have done. It's nice to



"He opened his coat and drew his chin down inside his collar, so that he could perform the requisite visual feat."

be taken to the theatre in a cab, but if you've got to sit there and hear George Carr talk about himself, it isn't worth the price. As for being jealous about him, why any good tailor with a pair of scissors and six yards of woolen cloth, could duplicate George Carr in twenty-four hours, for any girl that liked the pattern."

"At this point," said McGee, "Mr. O'Day came in. We had a somewhat violent scene, and it ended by my—my leaving the house. O'Day has gone over to see your father and——"

"My father! Thank Heaven, he's out of town," said George.

"Annie has gone to Mrs. Williams' house," continued McGee. "She thinks Miss Fernald is there. The last thing she said was that she knew you couldn't be concerned in this foolishness, and she was sorry for what she said about your complexion."

"I'm sure I forgive her," said Grace. "She must have been very angry. Mr. Carr, now that you've got us all into this mess, how are you going to get us out?"

"You forget," said George, white with wrath, "you forget this bottle."

He took it from McGee's hands.

"How can these people explain away this poison?" he continued. "What did you expect Annie to do or say? Would she confess that she loved me, and that she conspired to destroy a rival?"

"I am no rival of hers," said Miss Fernald. "You must not let your habit of thinking every girl is in love with you extend in my direction. I shall die if this absurd story gets out."

"It won't get out, don't you worry," said George. "I will go down and scare the life out of Thompson. As for Annie, she doesn't mean what she says."

"Well," remarked McGee, rubbing his chin, "she seemed to be in earnest."

George did not heed this remark, but rushed away to the drug store. Thompson was in the back room, filling a prescription, and George unceremoniously invaded the sanctum.

"Mr. Thompson," said he, "I'll thank you to give me the prescription that you have in your pocket, the one you filled for Miss Fernald."

The druggist, amazed, fumbled in the pocket of his waistcoat, and eventually produced the paper.

"What do you want of this thing?" he asked.

"It is in Miss O'Day's handwriting, and——"

"Is it?" queried Thompson. "I didn't notice. I supposed that Miss Fernald copied it out of the *Transcript*. I've had a dozen women bring it in, during the past week. You see the *Transcript* has been offering prizes for the best toilet receipts, and this was one of the winners. It ought to have been; it's the worst in the world, and worthy of recognition. I noticed it when it was first printed. Evidently they've got some one running their cosmetic department who knows no more of drugs than the heathen do about Watts' hymns. If druggists didn't look out for that sort of thing, there wouldn't be a complexion left in New York."

"But you put it up!" said George, sternly.

"Not for gold and precious stones," responded Thompson, blandly. "I never pay any attention to those things. I put up what the girls seem to want. This one is all right, if you substitute sweet almond oil for the prussic acid. Go to Miss Fernald and get the stuff, and analyze it, if you want to; and if you find any oil of bitter almonds in it, bring it back and I'll eat it."

As George wandered out into the night, the consciousness that he had made a fool of himself slowly filtered into his cranium, and with it was a realization—very dim, yet important because it was the first that had ever come to him—that perhaps he might have been mistaken in regard to the sentiments entertained by certain women for himself.

When he reached the Fernald house, Annie O'Day was there, and the next half hour was one of the most painful in all George's experience.

If Annie had really loved him, and had suffered all the jealousy of which the human heart is capable, she would still have been amply avenged, for the story leaked out, and everybody in Greenwich village enjoyed it—except George.

AN EDITORIAL

It is a great satisfaction to the editors to note how frequently quotations are made from "Ainslee's" in daily papers. *No magazine is more quoted from than 'Ainslee's,'* says the *Buffalo Commercial*. Such appreciation is very agreeable and puts us under welcomed obligations to the newspapers. A very interesting criticism that appeared in a recent issue of the *Hartford Courant*, we wish to reprint:

"Among the lower-priced magazines none is better worth the price than 'Ainslee's.' Its writers, if not as famous, are as worthy of fame as those of any other periodical, and its illustrations, usually from photographs or illustrations, are illustrative, nor are those from original drawings lacking in character and interest. Young men who cannot yet charge for their names frequently give us better work than those who can charge for reputation. The short stories and the heavier articles are alike good, so good that we hesitate to mention names. It is a magazine that has found and taken a place by legitimate means, by merit not by advertisement or pandering to notoriety or temporary sensation. We wish it the success it deserves and will doubtless win."

We republish this paragraph because the writer of it has got at the gist of the matter. We have sought out the man of talent who can't charge for his reputation. We have stuck to the belief that the majority of writers for an American magazine must be found at home.

One of the short-story writers that we have fostered is Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Whitlock had years of experience on the inside of Illinois politics. He thus acquired an intimate knowledge of politicians and their ways. Added to this, he has the gift of writing clear, incisive English that carries his stories home. In sharp contrast to his political stories was "The Old House Across the Street," a story of domestic life that was published in our Fiction Number. This story was said to compare favorably with some of the best work of Mary E. Wilkins. We are gratified to state that Mr. Whitlock's work in "Ainslee's" has elicited a letter of commendation from William D. Howells. Mr. Whitlock will be a frequent contributor during 1901.

Arthur I. Street, whose "Battle of the Cities" presented so dramatic a picture of the intense rivalry between the commercial centers of the United States, will contribute several articles during the coming year on

subjects of present growth and of national import in his vividly picturesque style. "The Work of the Passenger Agents," which will appear soon, is a the story of passenger agents as promoters of local development.

From a letter written to the editors by Brigadier-General Charles King, whose fame as a soldier is equaled by his standing as a novelist, we take the following:

"The best piece of American work I have struck in some time—a gem in its way as portraying life among the plain people the Lord and Lincoln love—is 'That About Laura Hornbaker.' It is capital."

The story General King refers to was written by Eugene Wood, of whose fiction, founded on life in Central Ohio, we have published more than of that of any author. We have bought many of Mr. Woods' stories because we have found them to be sound and whole. A story by Mr. Wood, called "The Elopement," is now ready for the magazine.

Furthermore, we are going to introduce some short stories by Will L. Comfort, who has been traveling in the Philippines and in China in our interests. We shall have some more stories by Joe Lincoln, author of "The Woman from Nantucket," as humorous a story as any we have printed. L. A. Coolidge, the well-known Washington correspondent, will furnish several articles on the popular side of national politics. Theodore Dreiser, who has done much good work for "Ainslee's," and whose novel, "Sister Carrie," is pronounced to be a strong and earnest chronicle of life, has written several articles and stories for our future issues. A delightful novelty is "An Adventure of Mrs. Mackenzie's," by Duncan Campbell Scott. It is a variation on Thackeray in which the writer gives a most felicitous suggestion of the style and thought of the great novelist. It is, of course, impossible to detail all the features of "Ainslee's" for 1901. What we have said will serve, we trust, to show that "Ainslee's" is to continue along the path that has led to prosperity and standing. This much is to be remarked, that as an impellent we have the cumulative energy of three years of steady progress.

A final word: We are now preparing an intimate personal study of the most popular living story-writer in American literature. We had almost forgotten to mention it.

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